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THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has just arrived at a stage in his career which inevitably awaits every spendthrift. The scapegrace comes into an unexpected fortune, and believes that it has no limits. He grows weary of staid advisers, casts off the man of business of the family, instals in his place a steward who fully understands his duty to be to provide money by loans or any other contrivance, and to assure his employer that his affairs are in admirable order, that his utmost extravagance is justified by his boundless income, and that any exceptional devices for raising the wind are temporary and accidental measures which involve no possibility of permanent embarrassment. For a few years the illusion maintains itself. Old establishments and new buildings eat into the capital of the estate, until at last a time arrives when the rent-roll falls off and money is hard to come by, and the complaisant steward is compelled to confess that he is at the end of his resources. Then comes a humiliating return to the old counsellors, an enormous amount of debt is confessed, the steady man of business is recalled—not without stern conditions on his side—favourite projects of extravagance have to be nipped in the bud, the estate has to be nursed, retrenchment is insisted on in every direction, and the old debts are consolidated by a new loan; and, shorn of his glory, the spendthrift begins a new course of self-denial which may, perhaps, retrieve his fortunes if he persists in his better resolutions for year after year, without relapsing again into his former weakness.

The EMPEROR has just arrived at this critical turning-point in his fortunes, and it will be well for France if he shall have resolution enough to adhere to the course of frugality to which he seems at last to feel himself driven. Unluckily for the country which hangs upon the breath of one reckless man, M. FOULD scarcely occupies a position parallel to that of the private spendthrift's family adviser. His former administration, compared with that of his successors, was frugality itself, but, under a Napoleonic despotism, it is little that the steadiest Minister can effect by the wisest remonstrances. Those who bear in mind the prosperity Budgets which it was M. MAGNE's part to produce will give him credit for having filled his rôle with all the talent it required. Every year the expenditure of the country was growing more and more in excess of the revenue. Paris was almost rebuilt, the great provincial towns were humoured by a proportionate expenditure, the army grew in number, and in cost, and the navy swallowed up each year more and more of the funds of the State—until at last the project of creating an iron fleet fit to cope with, if not to overawe, that of England, demanded resources such as the far greater wealth of our own country is scarcely able to provide for the maintenance of the arm on which our safety and existence depend. While this was going on, and loan after loan was raised, on one pretext or another, to cover what was called an extraordinary demand, M. MAGNE used annually to produce his pleasant statement of accounts, by which it was made apparent to all who took no pains to sift them that the balance sheets of the State showed a continually increasing surplus, and that the bold policy of the EMPEROR was enriching the country as much as it was aggrandizing its chief. The very last of the Budgets of this ingenious Minister, if we remember right, was the most gratifying of all. Not only was equilibrium more than restored to the finances of France, but the floating debt had been diminished, and the pernicious practice of drawing on the sinking fund was on the point of being brought to a definitive close. It is rather a contrast to this agreeable picture that, within so short an interval, it should be found necessary to return to M. FOULD and frugality, and that even he should be unable to start upon a better basis without requiring the support of an immediate,

or almost immediate, loan, to cover a deficit of 40,000,000*l.* That M. FOULD's influence will be exerted in the right direction can scarcely be doubted; but it is very questionable whether he will be able effectually to control the military and naval expenditure which is sapping the resources of France, or to check to any adequate extent the indulgence of the taste for bricks and mortar, which is encouraged in the mind of the EMPEROR, not only by the desire of raising a magnificent monument of his reign, but by the pressing necessity of appeasing at all hazards the murmurs which a hard winter is certain to draw from the class whose discontent has been the foundation of all the successful revolutions for which Paris is famous. A further abatement in our hopes must be made when we bear in mind that the surrender of the Imperial prerogative to borrow and spend without limits is an act which HIS MAJESTY is careful to point out as one of grace and favour which he may at any moment recall.

There can be no effectual retrenchment without an abandonment of the half socialist policy which has mingled with the magnificent dreams of the representative of the *parvenu* dynasty. The ambition to be a sort of Providence to France, forbidding destitution, creating employment, and regulating the price of food without regard to the decrees of Nature, must be surrendered if any real economy is to be introduced into the Government; and after the pretensions implied in the previous conduct of the Administration, a return to more modest endeavours will not fail to excite disappointment and disaffection among people so deeply imbued with the theories of LOUIS BLANC, as the workmen of Paris have always been. Nor is this the only difficulty which the EMPEROR has to face, if he really means to repent in earnest of his past extravagance. The part of arbiter of Europe, which he delights to play, and which he has sustained for a time with considerable success, is incompatible with frugal finance. In France, even more than in England, it is the outlay upon warlike preparations which consumes the greater part of the revenues of the State. Such an army as now exists on the other side of the Channel cannot be kept up without a crushing expenditure; and still less can the recent excessive development of his new navy be continued by the EMPEROR without larger means than M. FOULD is likely to obtain from the only legitimate source—the produce of the annual taxes. It will be a perilous experiment to suffer the pretensions of France to a sort of supremacy to be clouded at a time when commercial difficulty, supervening on a scanty harvest, will put the subjects of the EMPEROR into no very cheerful or contented state of mind. It is intelligible that LOUIS NAPOLEON should have hesitated long before choosing a path which it might have been thought practicable to stave off by the old expedients for a few years more. A popular war might have rendered another national loan on a large scale feasible even now, and the day of reckoning might perhaps have been postponed—at any rate for the present—possibly until the deluge which the EMPEROR, like other despots, may anticipate at the close of his own career. Until the last moment, it seemed possible that he might be tempted to defy the future, and to give up the virtuous resolve to economize which the recall of M. FOULD was well understood to imply. But there was another obstacle which, slightly as it had previously been estimated, would, when backed by popular distress and discontent, have proved serious enough. Servile as the French Chamber has often been found, it distinguished itself creditably after its last minute instalment of liberty, by the vigour with which some of its members protested against the reckless finance of the Empire. Two demands were pressed with a firmness far beyond what might have been expected from an assembly which owed its existence to universal suffrage under the direction of Imperial Prefects.

One of these demands was, that the practice of authorizing supplementary credits in excess of the regular Budget should be narrowed within moderate limits, if it could not be altogether abolished. The other was, that the Budget itself should be voted in detail—or, in other words, that the votes in supply should be appropriated to specific services much in the same way as is done by our House of Commons. So far as words go, these reasonable requests are granted; and if the promise is fulfilled, the whole financial system of the Empire will be revolutionized. The representatives of the people, or the Prefects, as the case may be, will hold the pursestrings of the State; and NAPOLEON III. will become, in theory, a constitutional Monarch, subject only to the large deduction from that description, as we understand the phrase, which is involved in the peculiar election machinery which secures at least a modified fidelity on the part of the members of the Imperial Parliament. It is not likely that a concession so hazardous will be carried out to the full extent; but it is a hopeful sign that, among the measures which M. FOULD conceives to be essential at the present crisis is a considerable extension of the powers of the Chamber in the direction which we have referred to.

It would be idle to attempt to foretell the ultimate consequences of this momentous step. The EMPEROR himself does not disguise the impediments which it may raise to the prosecution of extravagant projects and to the consolidation of the despotism which he has founded. But he has also discovered the still greater peril of an obstinate persistence in the old policy which his proclamation definitively abandons. One thing seems tolerably clear—that if it is really intended to submit financial affairs to some sort of Parliamentary control, the only chance of carrying out this policy to a successful issue will be by adopting it frankly and without reserve. It is always dangerous for an absolute monarch to relax his hold at a time when he is evidently under the pressure of adverse circumstances; and the risk can only be avoided by winning the confidence of those to whom new powers are intended to be given. The representative body has been always ready with adulation, but this does not of necessity imply the existence of any real confidence, nor is it any guarantee for the course which may ultimately be taken if a substantial control over the expenditure is to be given to an assembly which has hitherto been content for the most part to register Imperial decrees. The enterprise will need skilful conduct, but there was no alternative; for unless something of the kind had been done, it is not likely that any retrenchments which could be enforced would induce the French people to bear hard times with patience, or to acquit their Government of having caused pecuniary troubles which it has always affected to be able and determined to prevent. The campaign which the EMPEROR has before him in his domestic policy will be harder to conduct than that which closed at Solferino, and it is not an extravagant supposition that the permanence of the Imperial dynasty and the whole future of France may hereafter be found to turn upon the success of the experiment of a sober system of finance, based upon the substantial co-operation of the Legislative Body.

ITALY.

SIGNOR RATTAZZI bids high for the succession to Baron RICASOLI. The present PRIME MINISTER of Italy has lately been denounced by the French press as impracticable, obstinate, and almost ungrateful. It has not been forgotten that, at the head of the provisional Tuscan Government, RICASOLI baffled the intrigues for re-establishing a French Kingdom of Etruria, or that he afterwards induced his countrymen steadily to withhold their assent from the offensive stipulations of Villafranca. In the Parliament of Turin, RICASOLI voted against the cession of Nice and Savoy, and he has publicly declared that he will never acquiesce in the alienation of any portion of Italian territory. If his recent biographer, DALL' ONGARO, may be trusted, the Minister has communicated to the English Government certain preliminary acts for the cession of Sardinia to France; and it is probably in deference to his firmness that the project for the further spoliation of Italy has, for some time past, been relegated to the columns of the non-official French journals. The clerical faction has lately had the impudence to assert that the Catholic sympathies of the islanders incline them to union with France, while the Ministerial papers content themselves with the significant intimation that Rome will not be abandoned. It is perfectly intelligible

that Baron RICASOLI should not enjoy the favour of the Tuileries. An old Italian noble, he entertains a well-founded contempt for universal suffrage, and he is thoroughly in earnest in his determination to establish the independence of his country. In the Austrian garrison of Venetia he sees an acknowledged enemy, exercising no direct influence over Italian policy. The maintenance of French supremacy at Rome interferes more seriously with the freedom of his government, and it renders an independent effort against Austria practically impossible. Until the national capital belongs to the Italian Kingdom, no peace or war can be made except at the dictation of France. It was accordingly the first care of RICASOLI, on his accession to office, to declare that the Roman question must be solved before any attempt was made on Venetia. This object might probably have been attained by the cession of Sardinia, but Italy cannot afford to purchase one province by the sacrifice of another. Although the acquisition of Rome has been postponed, there is no reason to suppose that RICASOLI has changed his deliberate policy. Repeated hints that the business of the moment is to take advantage of the necessities of Austria have hitherto been coldly received at Turin. It is true that it may be the interest of Italy to act in concert with Hungary, but an immediate attack on the Quadrilateral would enable the master of Rome to dictate the terms on which assistance should be rendered. If France really meditates war with Austria, the object of the struggle will assuredly not be the territorial completion of the Italian Kingdom, or the establishment of the Hungarian Constitution. The war of nationalities will be undertaken for the annexation of purely German provinces in the north-east, and perhaps of a purely Italian island in the Mediterranean.

SIGNOR RATTAZZI may perhaps be as patriotic as his rival, but he is evidently less scrupulous and less proud. A candidate for the Government of a great country would generally injure his chances of success by leaning openly on foreign support. Englishmen, who have some traditional knowledge of the proprieties of political party, are accustomed to watch with jealousy any diplomatic movement on the part of even the most popular Opposition. Mr. FOX was injured in public estimation by the belief that he had, through the agency of Sir ROBERT ADAIR, encouraged the Empress CATHERINE in her resistance to Mr. PITT's demands for the surrender of Oczakow. Many years later, the Emperor ALEXANDER found that he had committed a fatal blunder in instructing his Ambassador to appeal to the Whigs in opposition to Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLEREAGH. The French themselves so strongly detest foreign interference that their Opposition parties almost always affect to outbid the selfish and exclusive policy of the Government. Italy has become great enough to cultivate a similar feeling of dignity, and it is difficult to believe that the President of the Chamber of Deputies can have gratified his countrymen by his recent proceedings at Paris. Gratitude is creditable to nations as well as to individuals, but the Italians can scarcely be prepared to undertake the indefinite liabilities which may attach to that newly-discovered community which in modern French jargon is called the Latin race. SIGNOR RATTAZZI, who may reasonably hope to be a second time Prime Minister of Italy, publicly promises that the debt which is due to the conqueror of Solferino shall be paid on the occasion and in the manner in which it may be demanded. In other words, the Emperor of the FRENCH, if he chooses to make an unprovoked attack upon Germany, may count on the Italian army as a contingent to his own. Major DALGETTY remarked to a Highlander who blustered in high-flown and metaphorical language, that if he called himself a lion he would find a tiger in his way. If the nations which happen to possess Romance dialects undertake wars of aggression in their capacity of the Latin race, they may find that they are outnumbered and overmatched by the Teutonic population of Europe. It is evident that Italy has no interest in pledging herself to a system of Latin policy which will originate exclusively at Paris. An alliance for particular purposes may be legitimate and judicious, but the unconditional devotion of a great nation to a foreign patron is a degradation and a blunder.

There is no doubt that many Italians confide in the Emperor of the FRENCH without distinguishing too precisely between the results of their own firmness and the occasional assistance which they have received. The undisguised hostility of the Ultramontane clergy to the French Government is not unreasonably regarded as strong testimony to the

Italian sympathies of the EMPEROR. The common belief in the friendship of France is only rejected by those national leaders who aspire to a greater result than the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. RICASOLI and GARIBALDI, from their opposite points of view, have arrived at similar conclusions with respect to the French alliance. Less ambitious or less susceptible politicians may adopt the language of RATTAZZI, cherishing perhaps a secret hope that the time will come for a nobler and more independent attitude. The permanent relations of Italy to France will depend on the development of her material strength, and especially on the organization of the army.

The Italian correspondence of the English newspapers discloses social defects which necessarily react on the political condition of the country. The collection of taxes is difficult, the conscription is not unnaturally disliked by the people, and the middle classes are too often lazy, frivolous, and effeminate. In the South, honesty, courage, and public spirit seem to have almost disappeared under the rule of the BOURBONS. Yet it must not be forgotten that Italy, such as it is, has, in a great measure, achieved its own regeneration. The ranks of GARIBALDI's army were filled by the same class with the unpromising loungers in the cafés of Turin and Milan; and the population of Central Italy passed through an interregnum of many months with scarcely a single act of disorder. Even Naples has the advantage of commencing at the lowest point. Any change must be for the better; and if order is re-established and maintained, the inevitable influx of prosperity will ensure the popularity of the new system. The space which has yet to be traversed before Italy is on a level with the greater States of Europe is small compared with the ascent which has been accomplished since the beginning of 1848. One vigorous and upright administrator has known how to make himself appreciated in Naples itself. LA MARMORA enjoys a high reputation for courage and energy, and he may derive encouragement from the success of CIALDINI. If it is true that the Neapolitan members are likely to express dissatisfaction in the approaching session of Parliament, it is not to be regretted that they should acquire habits of political action. If the South of Italy were as far advanced in civilization as Lombardy or Tuscany, it would be unnecessary to fawn upon France or to subordinate the national interests to the supposed union of the Latin race.

COLONIAL APPOINTMENTS.

A VERY important question is raised by the recent Colonial appointment—to wit, "Is there or is there not a Colonial Service?" A service of the State presupposes a hierarchy of ranks, a gradation of classes, and promotion of the officers serving from one class to another, within certain recognised limits and under certain specified or implied regulations. Now, how far does this definition apply to the public service in the British colonies? It was the policy of Earl GREY and Sir W. MOLESWORTH—of the former in a higher, of the latter in a lower degree—to encourage the services of diligent and effective officials in the colonies by establishing a system of promotion, which, while it rewarded the labours of the successful, stimulated the ambition of the aspiring subordinates. According to this system, inferior clerks in the different departments of Colonial Governments were promoted to higher posts; superior clerks became, after a certain (not short) term of apprenticeship, either assistants or heads of departments; and Colonial Secretaries and Treasurers were eligible to the inferior Governments. According to the same rule, Governors who had discharged their duties effectively in a smaller sphere were appointed to more important and exalted positions.

Such a system is intelligible. It rewards merit—it stimulates exertion—it encourages the development of those solid and useful faculties the combination of which makes up administrative ability—and it gives to the colonies the benefit of practised and self-reliant experience in colonial affairs. Its negative advantages are almost as great as those which are positive. It diminishes, if it does not preclude, the chances of jobbery, the encroachments of personal friends, and the dictation of political partisans. Of course there will be seasons and emergencies in which it will be difficult to resist the honeyed insidiousness of familiar entreaty, and impossible to defy the half-hinted menace of a wavering adhesion. A Ministry with a standing majority of ten, reduced to count the unstable support of some fifty Milesian gentlemen of unfixed principles, has not sufficient leisure to

investigate the aptitude of candidates for office in any department of the State, least of all in those which appertain to the colonies. A clever but unscrupulous attorney, a briefless Irish barrister with a reckless and persuasive tongue, or any other man who has shown himself usefully adroit under circumstances which hardly admit of being paraded in the light of day—to say nothing of the Irish "mimber," who naturally expects some reward for the consumption of his days and nights in the Saxon capital—all such persons have to be recompensed for their services; and the recompense, even if not so pleasant to the recipient, is less inconvenient to his patrons, when bestowed in the form of a colonial appointment than when it assumes some other shape. Distance and the ocean deaden the mutterings of colonial complaint; and a Secretary who can neither write, speak, nor remember, or a Treasurer who has only an infinitesimal notion of figures, may learn the rudiments of his profession long before the first murmurings at his incapacity are wafted from the indignant province to a pigeon-hole in Downing-street. But these critical seasons, so auspicious to those whose capacity consists in jobbery alone, are, after all, but rare. It is only at exceptional times that a Minister can really plead as an excuse for a grossly bad appointment the hungry clamour of deferred expectation or the menaced withdrawal of vacillating support. Generally speaking, a bad appointment is not only without reason, but without excuse.

How, then, can the two recent appointments to New Brunswick and to Canada be justified or explained? New Brunswick, it is true, is not an important Government—at all events, there are others more important. Still, it is one which requires a Governor of a practical and energetic character. It wants roads—it wants opening out—and it wants a consolidation of its somewhat heterogeneous society. It requires, in fact, the abilities of an experienced man; and formerly its Government was conferred on men who had served elsewhere. It was a reward for past, no less than a field for present, services. It is strange that at this day so good a precedent should have been rejected. But let us accept the excuse pleaded. New Brunswick is not an important Government. An untried and inexperienced man may be sent there with safety. Therefore, Mr. A. GORDON may be sent there. Be it so. But how is this sort of justification consistent with the nomination of Viscount MONCK to Canada? Surely, no friend of the Ministry will have the face to contend that Canada is an unimportant Government, or that this is a season of unimportant events. Canada is as large as France. Imperfectly and only at intervals populated, it yet contains great centres of traffic and enterprise. Its French inhabitants are more French than their contemporaries in France itself. Its English inhabitants exhibit the harder and sterner characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race in a degree equal to their fellow-countrymen in Australia or the United States. We have spoken of the size of the colony. Its resources are commensurate. It demands development. The riches of its Western soil, the number and vastness of its rivers, its mineral wealth—all these call for the fostering hand of diligent statesmanship. But, in addition to these normal and permanent objects of administrative care, there is a paramount claim to the services of an able and thoughtful statesman founded on its temporary and accidental situation. The Governor-General of Canada is not a cipher at any time—he is least of all so at this time. Responsible Government may have impaired his executive strength, but it has not weakened his directing and suggesting influence. Moreover, he has functions and attributes wholly independent of his relations to his Parliament. He is, in a certain sense, a diplomatist, to treat on international questions and to interpret external relations with the Government of those irritable States some of which overlap his provincial frontier. He is a Commander-in-Chief, with powers to order measures of offence or defence against a Republic the authorities of which, always free from the scruples which hamper European Governments, now claim an extraordinary immunity on the plea of civil war and its disastrous consequences. And who is it that is sent to wield the administration of this great province at this critical epoch? A man tried by the perils and labours of a useful official life? A man versed in the struggles and hardened to the self-abnegation of colonial politics? A man who has made petty communities valuable, poor dependencies rich, and disloyal provinces faithful and loyal to England? A man who has inspired with energy and ambition populations sunk in sloth and sluggishness? A man who has taught semi-barbarous populations

the value of the wealth that slumbered unknown and unimagined under their feet? Or a man who has converted a motley and many-hued race into devoted and loving subjects of the English Crown? No. At such a time and such a crisis, Ministers persuade their Sovereign to delegate her functions, in her greatest province save one, to a gentlemanly, easy-going, pleasant ex-whipper-in and ex-Lord of some Board or other, utterly unknown and unpractised in any kind of statesmanlike work. On the intense folly of such a flagrant misapplication of patronage it is superfluous to enlarge. Time will probably write its own iron comment on this painful promotion, when the new Governor-General, bewildered by conflicting advice, deafened by concurrent clamours, and divested of all power and will but the wild desire to do "something," shall have embroiled his country in an ignoble war, or humiliated her by an ignoble concession.

But while we forbear to dilate on the evil consequences to which this unearned elevation of Viscount MONCK may expose the country in its national relations to other States, we cannot refrain from denouncing the injustice and ingratitude which it illustrates in the treatment of an important service. Unless it be allowed that the possession of colonies is worthless—that it is really of no sort of moment whether Englishmen trading abroad find themselves in places where their own flag waves over them, where their own language is spoken, where their own law prevails, and their own customs are recognised, or are subjected to alien laws, institutions, and manners—we suppose it will be conceded that those colonies are the most valuable wherein Englishmen enjoy the greatest security, have the most favourable opportunities of making money, and from which they bring home the largest fortunes to swell the increasing affluence of British opulence. And we think it will also be conceded that those public servants have deserved well of their country by whose counsels and assistance the British name and wealth and power have been extended in distant regions which, but for them and their efforts, would have remained comparatively barbarous and unproductive. Now, was there no one of the forty-one or forty-two Governors under the British Crown, who, by long, faithful, and useful service—by service which involved exile and self-sacrifice—had earned as a legitimate prize the crowning gem of Colonial Governments? Was there none of them whose proved firmness in doubtful fortune, whose tried courage in difficulty, whose good temper under provocation, whose power either to subdue or to conciliate, pointed him out as the man who had earned this high distinction by his works? Or was it to point the cynical moral of the worthlessness of all statesmanship that Lord MONCK gaily undertook to keep Canada right, and Colonel BROWN sets out to repeat his little blunders in Tasmania, while Sir GEORGE GREY gracefully retired to traverse nine thousand miles of ocean that he might renew the bootless triumphs of his New Zealand career?

Promotions of this kind frustrate the intentions and warp the uniformity of a service. When men with no previous training and no proved aptitude are placed in the very highest and most prized eminences of colonial administration, the labourers who have borne the heat and toil of the day are discomfited and disgusted by the success of interlopers who turn up their noses at the slow ascent which Lords ELGIN and HARRIS were content to make. They find themselves jostled out of the course by men who have done nothing to earn promotion. They find, perhaps, the solitary chance to which they had looked forward of repairing some of the losses incurred in the service of the Crown, filched from them by men who have neither endured labour nor incurred expense in that service. Is it wonderful that, with such examples before their eyes, men of ability and ambition should be reluctant to leave the paths of professional life in England for the snubs and disappointments which beset the career of a public servant in the colonies? This, however, is the system now in vogue for cultivating and promoting administrative talent in our dependencies. Who shall say that such a system, if it does not ensure success, does not deserve it? Who shall deny that we have a colonial "Service"—and a very pretty service too!

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE discovery that an interruption of the cotton supply is seasonable and advantageous shows the uncertainty of all political and economical speculations. It is probably true that excessive exportations of cotton goods have glutted

foreign markets, but the commentaries of the fox on the quality of the grapes beyond his reach have, from the days of ÆSOP or of BABRIUS, been received with instinctive suspicion. There is no doubt, however, that grapes are sometimes sour, and that the supply of printed cottons may be overdone. On the other hand, it is certain that the raising of the blockade would be highly agreeable to the Lancashire cotton-spinners; and economical science teaches that individual traders and consumers know their own business best. Some curious questions connected with the cotton supply may perhaps be solved by the success of the naval armament which has lately sailed for the Confederate coast. The Federal force will probably succeed in occupying one or two ports, as a basis both for military operations and for foreign trade. Foreign vessels will have free access to harbours which will necessarily be exempted from blockade, and it only remains to be seen whether they will find any cotton in the warehouses. The planters are said to have kept their produce at home in anticipation of attack, and the commodity is too bulky for immediate seizure by marauding columns. The best mode of bringing cotton to the ports will be to allow a legitimate trade, which Southern patriotism would scarcely be stoical enough to repel, even if the Confederate Government perversely objected to the introduction of specie into the country; but the Federal authorities may perhaps take an opposite view of transactions which would tend to frustrate their hope of starving the enemy into submission. There would be little use in blockading Mobile and Pensacola if Charleston were opened to trade; nor would the object of punishing South Carolina be effectually obtained by providing the inhabitants with an unexpected market for their crops. On the whole, it may be inferred that the object of the expedition is to effect a military diversion, and to try whether the rumoured existence of a Union party in the South has any solid foundation. The publicity which has been given to the enterprise is apparently intended to excite alarm, and it is possible that, when the destination of the armament is known, it will become necessary to detach an opposing force from the Confederate army on the Potomac. It is not to be supposed that the occupation of a few points on the coast can seriously affect the results of the war. If the Federal States possessed generals and veteran soldiers, 20,000 men might perhaps march over half the Southern territory without meeting effective resistance; but raw levies under amateur officers cannot safely be trusted in the presence of superior forces, and it is absurd to suppose that the Cotton States will allow themselves to be outnumbered at home. The advantages of operating on the flank or rear of an enemy consist almost entirely in threatening or cutting off his communications. It is difficult to determine the true basis of the Confederate operations; but during the continuance of the blockade, the Southern armies are certainly not dependent on the coast for supplies. It will be a curious coincidence if the legitimate Government holds New Orleans during the war, as the English remained in New York during the former war of insurrection or independence. The result of the second unnatural rebellion will scarcely be affected by such an occupation, though crazy rhetoricians, even in England, still declare that the cause of the North must triumph, inasmuch as it is the cause of justice and freedom. Senator POGGAM and the setting-sun politicians of the "high and holy" school, seem to forget that the right has not always been successful. The cause of Poland against Russia, the cause of European independence in the days of NAPOLEON, the cause of Hungary in the last war, the cause of Italy at Novara—all these are generally recognised as just and meritorious, but they were not successful.

What the Northern cause really is, has become sufficiently apparent. The States which still adhere to the Federation desire simply to reconquer the South; and the pretexts which are put forward vary according to the audience which is addressed. Mr. FAY, perhaps, obtains a hearing from English abolitionists, who incline to Republicanism, while the utmost care is taken to impress on the Democrats of New York the determination of the Government to abstain from all interference with slavery. General FREMONT has not been removed, because the North-western States are favourable to Abolition; but his wild proclamation has been disavowed, and the PRESIDENT is supposed to be seeking for other pretexts to recal him. If he recovers Missouri to the Union, and if he opens the Mississippi, he may adopt any policy which may suit his own political and personal objects; but the pro-

able alternative of a defeat will place him at the mercy of adversaries who regard with reasonable jealousy his assumption of state and independence. His confidence in his own fortune and greatness will probably not have been materially increased by an address from a whimsical little club, called the Foreign Affairs Committee, at Sheffield, in which FREMONT is saluted as the destined protector of the United States against a threatened Russian conquest.

There is a newly constructed party in New York, called the People's Union, which seems likely during the continuance of the war to unite or supersede the Republican and Democratic organizations. The speeches which are made at the meetings of the party probably represent the dominant feeling which the local political leaders think it expedient to adopt and encourage. At one of their recent meetings, a Mr. WOLFE, of Kentucky, excited unbounded applause by proving that the war was not intended even to discourage slavery. "The graceless zealot, urged on by false philanthropy, sought the abolition of slavery at the expense of the very existence of the white man. The advocates of abolition should lay their faces in the dust. . . . Sooner or later, their mad career will drive the men of the slaveholding States into one united effort to overthrow the Government. . . . If the Abolitionist is the dire enemy of our institutions, so is the Secessionist. . . . I have stated that this war is not waged for the emancipation of the slave. . . . Kentucky will never consent that the institution of slavery in the States and Territories shall be injured or destroyed by the general Government." A Mr. CHANDLER, of Virginia, afterwards lamented, amidst equally vociferous acclamation, the loss of the chief author of secession. "JOHN C. CALHOUN is gone, and that great man, who was the defender of the Constitution, sleeps, but we have men, not as bright, perhaps, but as true to the cause of the country." The meeting was characteristically wound up by speeches from Mr. RAYMOND, proprietor of the Republican *New York Times*, and Mr. GREELEY, editor of the Abolitionist *Tribune*. Both speakers have done their utmost to counteract the principles professed by Mr. WOLFE, and the journals which they inspire have repeatedly claimed European sympathy for the North on the ground that the Federal efforts are mainly directed against slavery. Their presence at the Union meeting proves that the promoters of the present clamour only desire to carry on the war—as long, at least, as it is popular—without the smallest regard to the political motives of the contest. The *New York Times* has, from the beginning of the war, almost rivalled in malignant antipathy to England the livelier and more independent hostility of the *New York Herald*. Mr. RAYMOND has found the cultivation of vulgar delusion so convenient and remunerative, that he wisely diverts the attention of the meeting from the delicate topic of slavery to the universally acceptable subject of English delinquencies. The United States have, in a rhetorical sense, raised 500,000 men to suppress rebellion. "I would like to see England put that number of men in the field to put down rebellion in Ireland." *A Voice*—"She can't do it." Mr. Raymond—"Well, if she could do it, she would have trouble to crush a rebellion then. But England cannot put 20,000 men into the field to crush out a rebellion, because the people know the rebels have the right of it, and here the people know that rebellion has the wrong of it. [Loud cheers]." Unluckily, there is no rebellion in England at present, but it must be satisfactory to the rabble of New York to be assured that, of an army of 100,000 men within the United Kingdom, exclusive of militia and volunteers, not 20,000 could be mustered to suppress a rebellion, and that all rebellions in England are justifiable. The underbred and dishonest persons who talk such mischievous nonsense may be acquitted of the ignorance which a belief in their own statements would imply. Their spite against England is in itself hardly sincere; but the form in which they express it is adapted to the tastes of their fellow-citizens. Well-meaning sentimentalists, like Mr. FAY, must submit to the absence in England of any enthusiasm for a party which repudiates interference with slavery even in the Territories of the Union, while it declares by anticipation its sympathy for any rebellion which might occur in this country, and its belief that the Government could not raise 20,000 men to maintain its own existence.

SPAIN.

QUEEN ISABELLA has had a pleasanter task in opening the session of her Cortes than falls to the lot of most sovereigns. She has been able to speak of unmixed prosperity, of the possession of much that is good, and of the hopes of much that is better. Spain promises once more to be a great State, and the brightness of her fortunes is enormously enhanced by the blackness of the past from which she has emerged. Ten years ago, Spain was thought to have gone down that hill of utter destruction which there is no rescinding. She was distracted, feeble, bankrupt, torn by contending parties who fought and plundered their way to the possession of ephemeral power. Her free institutions seemed a pure mockery, and her reigning family was tainted with the disgraceful stain of the marriages forced on it by the unscrupulous cunning of M. GUIZOT. Now the QUEEN has learned at least how to make herself happy in her own way. Her throne is so secure that in her late Speech she has been able to call attention to the fact—new in Spanish history—that those who rebel against her are now handed over to the regular tribunals. Things must be very quiet if Spanish rebels are left to be executed in due course of law. She has gone to war, and her arms have proved victorious. Not only has her army gained military confidence and her treasury money by her victory, but her Court has been enlivened with a spectacle that brings up the memory of the old historical days of Spain; and a brother of an Emperor has come, with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental grandeur, to sue humbly for indulgence to his Sovereign. The old colonies of Spain, the jewels in her crown that were thought lost for ever, are finding their way back. Domingo has implored to be forgiven, and to be protected from the consequences of its short-sighted and ungrateful desertion of its parent. Spain is a loving mother, and could not bear to disappoint a wish so touching and so natural. Mexico may some day share the same happy lot. At present, she is to be chastised for all the wrongs she has done to Spain, and an ample force has been sent to exact retribution, and perhaps to do something more. It is true that Spain is not to act alone. The QUEEN informs her subjects that two other European nations had quarrels to settle with Mexico, and that she had therefore consented to combine her expeditionary force with theirs. The dignified way in which it is announced that France and England are allowed to accompany Spain must delight the most susceptible of Spaniards. Nor are the triumphs of Spain less those of peace than those of war. The QUEEN is able to congratulate her subjects on a great advance in national prosperity. After long years of abuse or neglect, the vast natural resources of the country are beginning to be turned to account. Railways, works of irrigation, the clearing of forests, agricultural improvements, are being pushed on with the ardour of a nation that has just awoke to the fact that, if it pleases, it may be one of the wealthiest in the world, and that its wealth lies at its own door. There is, indeed, one little blot in this serene sky—one skeleton in this house of rejoicing—for Spain is still in the black list of defaulting debtors. But her creditors may have hopes; for the friends of Spain assert that the Cortes now sees that it is very low to repudiate and exceedingly injudicious. The only difficulty is, that no one can suggest a scheme by which at once the bondholders may be satisfied and the dignity of Spain may not be wounded. Surely the adroitness of modern finance will be equal to the emergency, and the creditors of Spain, provided they get their money, will find some way of sparing their debtor all sense of humiliation in paying it.

This resurrection of Spain from the grave of anarchy, disgrace, and poverty has been in a great measure the work of one man. Of course, one man cannot really change a nation. Spain was tired of useless revolutions, was anxious to do as well as her neighbours, and was painfully aware of her insignificance in Europe, before O'DONNELL came into office. But it was not until the right man was there to help her that she began to take the rapid strides in prosperity she has taken lately. O'DONNELL has understood that a nation which wishes to feel the play of a real national life, to inspire confidence and enjoy it, and to make its voice heard in the councils of Europe, must show at once that it is ready and willing to fight, that it is on the road to wealth, and that its Government is thoroughly established. In getting up the Morocco war, he played much the same part that CAVOUR played in sending a contingent to the Crimea. He made Spain talked of; he

accustomed her to the notion that she would and could fight, and familiarized Europe with the spectacle of Spanish troops in action. Nor are the warlike preparations of Spain at all contemptible, even if measured by the standard of opponents more formidable than Morocco and Mexico. She now possesses a fleet, to which armour-plated vessels will soon be added, and which, in numbers and equipment, is not unworthy of her old naval fame. She has a naval arsenal which, for its size, is perhaps the most perfect in the world. She has already managed to connect her seaboard with her capital, and although she is at present dependent on foreigners for most of the money necessary for her public works, she gets it without any very great difficulty, and will get it with increasing ease as the vastness of her natural resources becomes known. The security of the Government he serves is now so well established that O'DONNELL can even afford to gratify his countrymen with hopes of Parliamentary Reform. He can do what even an English Minister cannot do, and can promise an extension of the suffrage without fear of opposition or anxiety for the result. Recent history has scarcely any marvel to show comparable to that of a Spanish Sovereign speaking of victory abroad and wealth at home, and offering a safe and moderate Reform Bill.

Spain, however, does not really stand alone in the change she is undergoing. Substantially, what is taking place in the Peninsula is what has taken place in Italy, in Ireland, and in Hungary. Twenty or thirty years ago, all these countries were poor and disordered. Bowed down beneath the yoke of an ignorant priesthood and the weight of centuries of sloth and semi-barbarism, they were all poor, helpless, disturbed, and fanatical. Over all the same spirit of change has now breathed. They have entered into the modern family of progressive nations. They have, through various paths, found an opening into the field where modern ideas have undisturbed play. In all, a decent amount of political freedom, the wish for material advancement, and the desire for the respect of foreigners, have brought out dormant energies and thrown old habits and principles of action into the shade. Spain is still intensely Catholic, but, perhaps unconsciously, she is pursuing interests which allow her Catholicism only the second place in her heart. It is very natural that the QUEEN should have a friendly word to say for the POPE, and should announce that she has interfered in his behalf. But even if the terms themselves of this announcement did not disclose how very measured that interference had been, and how easily it might be bought off, we might be sure that Spain would do exactly as Ireland and Belgium and the flourishing Catholic States of South Germany have done. They have curbed their devotion to the POPE within the limits which a regard for their own peace and prosperity has prescribed. Spain is not likely to start a Catholic crusade which would foster a Legitimist reaction to overthrow the present dynasty, which would involve O'DONNELL in a quarrel with the EMPEROR on the other side of the Pyrenees, whose policy he carefully imitates, which would swamp the Reform Bill and all other Bills in a general disruption of Parliamentary Government, and would throw back into beggary every man who now sees a full purse within his grasp. A nation that is learning to feel its strength must accustom itself to act: but Spain can have the excitement and win the experience of action on much better terms than the poor old POPE can offer her. She can respond to the supplications of repentant colonies, and punish the insolence of those that defy her. The only fear is that she may go on too fast. She may tax her strength too soon and too severely. She may attempt to govern where government is a loss and burden to her. If Mexico is annexed to Spain, the Mexicans are likely to have the satisfaction of making their new mistress very uncomfortable. It will be harder for Spain to bring the mongrel rabble of Mexico into order than it has been for Northern Italy to tame and reduce the wretched inhabitants of the Neapolitan provinces; and if Naples had been divided by an ocean, its reduction might have not only crippled Italy, but exhausted it. There is also some danger lest the grandiloquence of Spanish official language—which, up to a certain point, is prudent and politic, as encouraging and stimulating the nation—may lead to a general misapprehension in the country of what the real position of Spain is. Ignorance may lead her to offend those whom she cannot afford to offend. It is not impossible that a nation which hears of its QUEEN arranging expeditions with France and England may bid her remember that Jamaica was once upon a time

Spanish. But if Spain is prudent, there is scarcely any nation whose progress will be so welcome to England. She cannot hurt us—she will prove an excellent customer—she has got what we want, and wants what we have got; and she is set as a watch upon the two Powers over whom we most need that every kind of control should be exercised—over France in the Old World, and the Northern Confederation in the New. There is no reason why we should not be excellent friends, why we should not make it as pleasant and dignified for her to pay us our money as possible, and why she in return should not gradually surmount the bitter dislike with which she has very naturally repaid the benefits we have conferred on her.

THE ADMIRALTY AND THE DISCIPLINE OF THE FLEET.

AMONG those neglected subjects which seem, by the evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, to include nearly the whole range of Admiralty duties, the organization and discipline of the fleet come in for a large share of attention. If the difficulty of getting seamen in sufficient numbers is aggravated by the want of training and subordination in those who are, with so much difficulty, tempted into the service, our case is as bad as it well could be; yet, if Admiral ELLIOT and other witnesses are to be trusted, this is, in truth, the condition of the British navy. A vast amount of what we venture to think nonsense is talked about the deterioration of seamen from the old type in consequence of the altered commercial policy of modern times. We are told, for example, that the repeal of the Navigation Laws has destroyed the nationality and the patriotism which once distinguished the merchant service—that, with the growth of Liberal ideas, the simple principle of unhesitating obedience has been dying out—and that the public outcry against excessive severity has deterred naval officers from inflicting the necessary amount of punishment. But excuses of this kind, which would lay the blame of defective discipline upon external circumstances rather than on the bad arrangements of the rulers of the navy, are of little avail except as evidence of the existence of the evil which they are intended to palliate. Sailors were certainly not more in love with discipline at the time of the mutiny of the *Nore* than they are now; and it requires cogent proof to satisfy one's mind that the fish of all kinds which were swept into the net of the press-gang, and the promising outpourings of the gaols, supplied better material for the manufacture of a first-rate crew than the average run of seamen who are recruited from the merchant service, or trained from boyhood for the navy. The excitement of splendid victories and the allurements of prize-money must, no doubt, have aided largely in forming the character of the seamen of the last generation; but, with these exceptions, there are no satisfactory reasons to be given why the *morale* and discipline of the navy should not now be far superior to what it was in the times to which old Admirals look back with regret. If it be true that discipline is relaxed, the fault can be attributed only to a want of tact and energy on the part of that mysterious Board which is supposed to be competent to conduct the whole administration of the fleet; and it is to this cause that the witnesses who complain most loudly of the condition of the service unanimously ascribe the evil.

A few awkward facts are sufficient to prove that the discipline of the navy is far from what it should be. Captain DENMAN was referring to circumstances which cannot be forgotten, when he reminded the Committee that two mutinies had occurred in English ports almost without having been noticed, and without anybody having been brought to account; and he can scarcely have been wrong in treating this as evidence of a decay of discipline, or in the opinion that the decay has proceeded to a greater extent in consequence of those events having been passed over without notice. His explanation of the cause is decided enough:—"The responsibility for it rests with the governing power of the navy. . . . The First Sea Lord simply had to carry out 'the regulations as they existed.'" But it may be thought that these untoward disturbances were in some sense isolated and accidental. Let us take another test which will show the prevalent state of feeling even where it does not break out into open insubordination. The number of desertions last year from the navy was 2338 men, each of whom, on an average, had cost the country, according to Admiral ELLIOT's calculation, 40*l.* or 50*l.*—that is to say, we lost the crews of two or three large ships, and

100,000. went with them. Is this an irremediable evil, or is it one for which the Board of Admiralty ought to be held responsible? Unless Admiral ELLIOT is altogether mistaken, there need be no doubt on this subject. He has had abundant opportunities, during various commands, of learning what are the temptations and facilities which cause desertion, and how the practice may be checked; and his evidence is that it would be a matter of no difficulty at all to apply an effective remedy. "A Maritime Police," he says, "of 100 men divided between the three naval ports, would have stopped desertion altogether. . . This is one of the practical measures to which I have referred, as not having resulted from the present state of the Admiralty." It is another illustration, in fact, of the Board that does not act. Quite recently, it is true, some tardy attempts have been made—with what success does not yet appear—to cope with the evil of desertion; but the fact remains, that for many years the Board steadily refused to do anything to check this most fatal of all symptoms of disaffection.

Another suggestion of the same gallant Admiral goes more to the root of the evil by tending to remove, not only the opportunities of desertion, but the desire to desert. Barracks on an adequate scale, where seamen could be comfortably housed instead of being stowed in miserable hulks, would do more to improve the tone of the service than all the petty indulgences which have been lately showered upon the sailors of the navy with so little apparent result. Habits of content and discipline would be acquired, and the novices would be trained to their duty, while the hulk system throws the men into every sort of crime. Each ship as she was commissioned would receive at once an organized crew, instead of waiting for weeks to collect a complement with its due percentage of runaways and mutineers. Admiral ELLIOT is not alone in the high estimate he has formed of the barrack system, both as a means of insuring a reserve of seamen and of improving the discipline of the service. The plan was proposed by Sir JAMES GRAHAM, advocated by Admiral BERKELEY, and warmly approved by Sir CHARLES WOOD himself, who tells us that the Admiralty long since made up their minds to carry it out; but, with the exception of what can only be called a makeshift experiment at Chatham, the scheme which every one recommends has never been put in practice. The Board had energy enough for once to make up its mind, but, exhausted by the unwonted effort, it rested on its good resolution, and, as usual, did not act.

While the men are demoralized in hulks, while mutinies are fostered by undue indulgence, and, occasionally, as in the *Princess Royal* case, provoked by caprice, while every facility is given for desertion, the Board of Admiralty has no right to shelter itself from the charge of neglecting discipline by ascribing its decay to the deterioration of the seafaring classes, or to any cause except the true one—the want of efficient management. There is another branch of organization, scarcely less important than the maintenance of subordination. Without discipline, a crew cannot work together with any effect; and without a recognised system of tactics, the several ships of a fleet are incapable of mutual support. You might as well take an army into action, as the Americans have tried to do, without any knowledge of battalion or brigade evolutions. In the old times, there were tactics for sailing ships, simple enough, but wonderfully effective in the hands of such men as those who used to command the British fleet. All the old devices for getting the weather gage and breaking the enemy's line, which won so many battles for England, are things of the past. Our fleet, on the day of battle, will be moved by steam alone; and during the many years which have elapsed since this change was introduced, the best men in the naval service have been continually offering suggestions and writing books, and pressing on the Admiralty remonstrances on the subject, without being able to elicit an attempt at an authorized code of steam tactics, or even to gain permission for experimental evolutions to test their own proposals. The French naval authorities framed their regulations for the purpose years ago, and a squadron of evolution is constantly kept on foot to gain the experience by which alone such regulations can be perfected. Sir T. COCHRANE says deliberately that there is hardly an officer in our navy who knows how to manage a fleet; and how should they know what they have no opportunity to learn? Admiral ELLIOT was not allowed to experimentalize on a plan which he had devised, because it would cause a great expenditure of fuel; and he says that we have now no plan of steam tactics matured for fighting a battle, and that he

never found an officer who could tell him what opinions he had formed upon the subject. Is it possible to reflect on the neglect of this vital matter without concurring in the Admiral's opinion, that, if it had been any one man's business to attend to it, it would have been brought to an issue long ago? but it was everybody's business—the Board bore the responsibility on its collective shoulders—and nothing has been done. Captain DENMAN tells the same tale. He says there have been no experimental trials of steam tactics, and no practice or instruction on the subject whatever, in the navy.

It is always pleasant to turn to Sir CHARLES WOOD's cheerful observations. He is not in the least dismayed at a want of training which experienced sailors declare would devote our fleet to destruction in any encounter with a properly organized squadron; but he pronounces it to be quite essential to keep up a squadron of evolution under a competent officer, without apparently feeling that the Board, which has left this essential thing undone, is in the least degree culpable. Possibly he may consider the Channel fleet a squadron of evolution; but sailors give a very different account of it. Fighting tactics, under steam, it does not pretend to practise, and even its sailing evolutions lose half their value from the manner in which the squadron is ordinarily scattered. A code of tactics, like a system of discipline, still remains to be created; and yet the enthusiastic defenders of the Board of Admiralty affect to be surprised at the impatience of their neglect which has been so loudly expressed, and which will never cease until the Board shall be replaced by a Department that will work.

HUNGARY.

COUNT PALFFY, who has undertaken the duties which lately belonged to the Diet, the Provincial Assemblies, the Lieutenants of Counties, and all other constituted authorities in Hungary, takes a characteristically Austrian view of his position. Ordinary statesmen might regard with anxiety the office of holding a wolf by the throat, in the certainty that the first attempt to relax the forcible grasp will be followed by immediate retaliation. To a General and a courtier it scarcely occurs that a powerful nation has to be controlled or conciliated. Count PALFFY only knows of one quarter in which it is dangerous to give offence, and he is disturbed by the knowledge that the Imperial author of promotion is at present deeply incensed against Hungary. He consequently relies on the aid of his assessors to adopt such measures as may "restore the confidence of his MAJESTY in this country." Unequivocal penitence on the part of the Magyar leaders will find in the Royal lieutenant a condescending intercessor at the foot of the throne. Since CORIOLANUS on his way to Corioli banished the Romans, no more sweeping assertion of supremacy has been made on the part of a hero or of a sovereign. The EMPEROR himself, if his language is less insolent, displays, or affects, equal incapacity to understand the nature of the breach which is now complete, and probably final. In his proclamation or manifesto, he professes his intention of ultimately establishing a Constitution which he has been forced to suspend after seeing it unanimously rejected. It might be supposed, from his statement of the dispute, that the only alternative of martial despotism was the ephemeral and abortive contrivance of government by means of the Council of the Empire. It was the purpose of the Hungarians to prove that, on the contrary, the EMPEROR had only the opportunity of choosing between the legal Constitution and the reign of lawless force. Their demonstration has been worked out without a flaw, and although a moral triumph is generally a mere figure of speech, Hungary knows from recent experience that military absolutism is too expensive and dangerous to last. FRANCIS JOSEPH cannot possibly be more obstinate or more hostile to the rights of his subjects than when he emerged, a presumptuous and precocious despot, from the congenial tuition of SCHWARZENBERG. He shot, he imprisoned, he flogged, and he levied taxes by military execution, until he found that universal disaffection had brought the existence of the Empire into peril. It was under compulsion that he offered to buy off the accumulated revenge which he had so well deserved; and though the negotiation has broken off on his refusal to offer the necessary price, the same causes will inevitably lead to further attempts at concession. On the next occasion he will find that his former policy has effectually destroyed the

dynastic party which might have saved his throne. Even Kossuth's turbulent activity would at present fail to divide the Hungarian nation into contending factions. There is equally little prospect, since the issue of the Rescript dissolving the Diet of Croatia, that the Emperor will again, as in 1848, be able to turn to account the ancient jealousies of rival nationalities. Hostile races, no less than conflicting parties, are effectually united by the insane policy which simultaneously inflicts a common wrong on Hungary and on her most important dependency.

The apologists of Austria begin to perceive that an apparently liberal tender scarcely forms a sufficient answer to a claim of legal right. Already they are devising new terms of compromise, and it has been ingeniously suggested that, instead of sitting as a minority in the Council of the Empire, Hungarian Deputies might be allowed to form a separate Chamber at Vienna. AHAB would probably not hesitate to double his offer, but no purchase can be effected as long as NABOTH insists on keeping his vineyard. Arguments of convenience only come into play when both parties have entered into negotiation. It is urged, with much plausibility, that the King of HUNGARY would find it troublesome to exchange couriers with his Minister at Pesth, and that his Palatine or other representative in Hungary would be little better than a foreign ambassador. Yet his ancestors accepted the Crown on those terms, and in four centuries of force and intrigue they have never succeeded in shaking off their original obligations. A moderate exercise of wisdom and good faith would have rendered various compromises possible, but the fundamental relations of the Kingdom to the Sovereign could not be matters of negotiation.

The only tenable ground on which the Austrian claims can be defended is the right alleged to be derived from conquest in 1849. In the previous year, the Court of Vienna admitted nearly all the Hungarian claims in principle, at the same time that the Ban of CROATIA was encouraged to revolt against the Government of the Kingdom. If the fortune of war between the principals had been decisive of the dispute, the practical independence of Hungary would have been firmly established. The Austrians were defeated in an uninterrupted succession of pitched battles, and Vienna itself trembled in expectation of an Hungarian irruption into Austria. Unfortunately, at the time when the leaders of the army were still loyal to the dynasty, Kossuth converted a great national movement into a gratuitous revolution. By proclaiming a Republic, he tempted GEORGEY into disaffection, and at the same time he furnished Russia with a motive and excuse for intervention. The cause of Hungary was crushed on the field of Villagos; and technically the Emperor may pretend to hold, by the grant of a foreigner, a new and unincumbered title as a conquering despot. It is an old maxim of law that the tenure of a mere trespasser and intruder is, of all others, the most perfectly exempt from limitations. "Wrong cometh all that he possesseth," and the wrong-doer dispenses with trustees and with title-deeds. As the Emperor of Russia neither set up a claim of his own nor imposed conditions on his ally, FRANCIS JOSEPH may, if he thinks it expedient to do so, treat himself as a new-comer, and repudiate all privy of contract or reciprocity of obligation with his Hungarian subjects. The obvious inference that they are morally justified in shaking off the yoke of a foreign usurper has largely hampered the consistent fluency of German advocates of Austria.

The theory of a mixed title between inheritance and purchase or forcible acquisition is altogether untenable. The Emperor himself recurred to his ancestral or legal position, when he allowed the Diet to meet and the County Assemblies to resume their suspended functions. When he professed to look forward to a coronation, he appealed to rights anterior to the war of 1848, and consequently he renounced his questionable pretensions to rule in virtue of a conquest. It was, in truth, impossible to rely exclusively on the shocking and monstrous theory that a nation forfeits all its laws and franchises by a defeat in battle. Conquerors and usurpers have often taken the opportunity of their victories to exercise arbitrary power; but, in the present age, it is dangerous to defy the universal sentiment which passes by the name of public opinion. Even Austrian Ministers were forced to admit that the Hungarians had certain rights; nor was the Constitution, during its long suspension, ever formally repudiated or abolished. The Conservative party regarded the national franchise as the correlative of the allegiance which its members still professed, and the Court shrank from

adopting in principle the doctrine of Kossuth, that the Pragmatic Sanction, with all the ancient enactments which it renewed, had become finally void and extinct.

The Imperial Rescript denounces as an act of rebellion the refusal to pay taxes on the ground that they are not legally imposed or collected. The framer of the document omits to state whether the objection of illegality is really sound. If the Hungarian Constitution has any validity, the Diet alone can create the obligation of paying a tax, and only the elected county functionaries can enforce it. Yet the taxes in dispute are levied by the authority of the Crown. To English understandings it seems clear that the offence of refusing to comply with a demand for money can only arise when the debt is legally incurred. Possibly it may be lawful, in a case of conquest, to take all the property of a population which has been forcibly deprived of its political existence. When Count PALFFY has persuaded the Hungarians, not only to acknowledge the conquest, but to approve of its logical consequences, he may perhaps be able to restore the confidence of the Emperor in their submission and loyalty.

REPRISALS AGAINST MEXICO.

THE three great maritime Powers of Europe have concluded a treaty, by which they bind themselves to occupy the territory—how much of it is uncertain—of a Central American State. England, France, and Spain are about to send a common expedition against the Republic of Mexico, with the intent of seizing upon her principal ports—probably her chief towns in the interior—and perhaps, for a while at least, of undertaking the government of that large, ungoverned, acephalous State; and President LINCOLN's Cabinet has been invited to join in the intervention. No declaration of war is apparently intended to precede or accompany this proceeding, and it will probably be represented that no *status belli* exists. The language of the Queen of SPAIN's Speech does indeed point to an armed intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico, on grounds not wholly dissimilar to those which the Holy Alliance once put forth as justifying their intervention in the government of Old Spain. But we shall be surprised if the Queen of ENGLAND speaks to her Parliament in the same key. We hope and believe that she will take up a different position, and will appeal to sounder principles of international law. She will probably content herself with vindicating the title of England to a strong and unusual exercise of the right of *reprisals*—a mode of international relief incident, in time of peace, to States whose subjects have suffered great individual wrong long complained of, and always unremedied. The literal and exact terms of the convention of the three Powers have not yet seen the light. They have not yet been even conveyed to us, according to the established traditions of the Foreign Office, through the columns of a French or Spanish newspaper. There is little doubt, however, that the substance of the convention is what we have stated it to be.

It is an event of no light importance, howsoever considered, whether in its bearing upon our national policy or upon the maintenance of international law. We will say a word first on the latter point. The general principle, that a debt contracted by the Government of one State with the subjects of another, of which payment has been refused, furnishes a just cause of reprisals, cannot be denied; or—to expand a little the proposition—when the wrong done is great and violent, when it is supported actively or passively by the State, when justice is unattainable from the judicial, and refused by the executive authorities, then *repressaliis locus est*, as the jurists speak. The mode adopted in the present instance of exercising these reprisals is certainly unusual. For reprisals undertaken conjointly by three or four States, there is no very direct precedent. The fact of such joint action, however, does not affect the separate rights of each State; and if the subjects of each have been injured, it is for each to judge as to the expediency of united action. The wrongdoer has certainly no title to protest against its injustice.

In the next place, reprisals in the shape of a territorial occupation are unusual, and especially so in the practice of England. Letters of marque (*Lettres de Represailles*) to a private subject, or a commission to a Royal ship to seize property afloat belonging to the offending State, are the familiar precedents furnished by the proclamations of the English Crown and the *Ordonnance de la Marine* of France. Such seizures, according to the fifth article of that celebrated code, were adjudicated upon in a Court of Admiralty. In England, the Court of Admiralty would have no jurisdiction

over seizures made in time of peace, without a special Commission. According to the practice of all States, the property seized would be sold, the injured party reimbursed, and the surplus paid over to the original owner. Nevertheless, though the scale upon which the present reprisals are to be exercised is unusually large, and though the subject of them is to be property on land, the proceeding is well warranted by the principles of international jurisprudence. The same reasoning which justifies the lesser and simpler reprisals upon sea fully sanctions these upon land.

The next question is, do the facts of the present case bring it within the law? Upon this point there can be no rational doubt. The wrongs of which Englishmen have to complain at the hands of Mexico are far more numerous and more atrocious than those (to pass by earlier precedents) which justified President JACKSON in 1834 in threatening reprisals against France, or the British Government in 1840 in issuing reprisals against the Two Sicilies. We prefer to say nothing about the PACIFIC reprisals in 1850. The conduct of the Mexican States towards the British bondholders is one long, unbroken chain of perfidy, fraud, and violence. *Longa est injuria, longa ambages.* It is enough to state that, about thirty-six years ago, a loan subscribed for in London, aided by the generous public policy of England, enabled the Mexican State to achieve its independence. The loan was purchased at high prices, ranging from 56 to 89 per cent. The new Republic, however, soon betrayed its indifference to national faith. It did not appear even to believe that public credit was wealth—of higher motives it was quite incapable. The interest fell speedily into arrear, and the arrears accumulated. In 1837 began the process of confiscation and of forced abandonment of covenanted interest. Before 1850, the bondholders had sacrificed to the bad faith of Mexico about twelve million sterling; and in that year they submitted to further diminution of interest, which was cut down to three per cent. In return for this, a security was given by the Mexican Government of twenty-five per cent. of the import duties in all the maritime and frontier Custom-houses of the State, five per cent. of the export duties in the Gulf of Mexico, and seventy-five per cent. of the export duties in the Mexican ports of the Pacific; and it was further provided that any deficiency in the produce of these sources should be made up out of the general revenue. The bondholders further acquired a right, which experience had shown to be absolutely necessary, of appointing their own agents at the ports to receive and remit the money so collected. In the month of November, 1860, the Mexican Government of the day ended the long history of their iniquities by an act of the grossest theft and most shameless outrage. A Mexican colonel, with a band of soldiers, broke into the premises of the British Minister at Mexico, tore off the seal of the British Legation, and carried away 660,000 dollars belonging to the British creditors which that seal protected. It is not necessary to say more as to the facts bringing the case within the law which justifies reprisals. They would have justified immediate war without declaration. Nevertheless, it must be carefully remembered that England has not made war, but has deliberately chosen another kind of remedy.

As to the policy of this conjoint expedition, we entertain grave doubts. We have not forgotten the lessons taught by the history of the Crimean campaign. The truth is, that England always acts better by herself in military expeditions. Her ally almost always checks her natural promptitude of action, and neutralizes her energy at the most critical period. But there is a worse evil in the present scheme. France will probably—Spain must naturally—have projects of ambition, unconnected with the redress of those injuries which justify the expedition. We are told, indeed, that all the parties to the Convention have entered into a sort of self-denying ordinance, but, in the end, England will probably alone adhere to it. There is a great likelihood that the Republic of Mexico will emerge from the cauldron into which she is about to be thrown, in the shape of a Monarchy. There will be at least "the likeness of a kingly crown" upon the head of her new Executive; or it may be that the hopes of Old Spain, of which she makes no secret, will be fulfilled, and the old vicereignty be restored—unless, indeed, the Emperor of the FRENCH should combine the gratification of his own vanity with that of his subjects, by promoting a BONAPARTE to the throne of Cortes. Certain it is that England will make no attempt of the kind, but it is not so certain that she will be able to withdraw without loss of reputation or influence from the partnership into which she has entered.

Our personal object, so to speak, is to obtain redress for

gross injuries and outrages perpetrated by Mexico against our subjects. We ought not, indeed, to be indifferent to the common object of substituting an honest and capable Government for a junta of robbers and swindlers; but the difficulties of the task, considered with reference either to our separate or our joint action, are immense. To establish a Government over seven or eight millions of people on the other side of the Atlantic, with an external (or English) debt, of above ten millions, and an internal debt of above twelve millions—and with an annual deficit not far short of a million—is in itself no very easy task. Add to this, that the people have been, ever since 1810, demoralized by a state of chronic revolution, habituated to every possible breach of private and public faith, and to a savage disregard of human life, and that where infidelity does not prevail, the Roman Church exists in its worst shape. While the most extreme doctrines of a degrading superstition are preached to the common people, the immorality of the clergy, especially of the higher orders, is notorious—a fact more deserving of Pius IX.'s recent lamentation than even the *desamortisation* and *naturalisation* acts of the Mexican Congress, which alone excited it. The wealth of the monastic and ecclesiastical corporations has been, and we believe still is, enormous, but portions of it have been recently secularized. As to the questions of public right and expediency involved in such a measure, we offer here no opinion, but we foresee on this subject the germs of serious difference with one of the parties to the Convention. The British bondholders have looked to the augmentation of the revenues of the State, procured by this secularisation, as one of the sources of their repayment. The Spanish interest in Mexico, however, is that of the *patri Prêtre*, and any attempt to restore property so secularised would create the greatest confusion. We sincerely hope that this, and other rocks a-head, may be avoided, but to do so will require very dexterous navigation.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

NO one who is acquainted with the two great English Universities can doubt that, in the midst of the general similarity of their results, there is a dissimilarity extensive enough to give the foundation of a conception of something distinct and peculiar to each. Our notion of a Cambridge man is not quite the same as that of an Oxford man. The difference is exceedingly slight in the midst of the general uniformity of their habits, manners, tastes, and opinions; but still it exists. Certainly there are many of the best specimens of each group in whom that which is supposed to be characteristic of it is wanting. We recognise the University man, but there is nothing to tell us to which University he belongs; and naturally this is most frequently the case among those who have long ceased to reside at their University, have mixed much with the world, and have gradually toned down into a harmony with the ways and habits of the social sphere to which they belong. Nor are we sure that the characteristic difference, whatever it may be, is of a permanent kind. It is not impossible that many of the features which we should now note as most strongly marking Oxford belonged to Cambridge fifty years ago. As both Universities are supplied from the same class, and as it is often a mere accident to which University a boy destined for college is sent—as their endowments are nearly equal, as they are equally connected with the Church, and as the same view of education substantially prevails at both—there is no reason why their characteristics should not from time to time be interchanged. At any given moment, however, a difference exists, whatever that difference may be. It is possible, perhaps, to state what that difference is; but we do not see that it is a difference involving any superiority or inferiority. We cannot find any grounds whatever for thinking that, at this moment, either University is better than the other, or even that the elements of character which either tends to elicit and promote are better than those brought out of the shade at the other. If there is an excess of good, there is an excess of something else which as nearly as possible compensates it—characteristic faults accompany characteristic excellences. The comparison of the two Universities is not one which can gratify any paltry feeling of rivalry, nor is it necessary in drawing it to rest on the instances of individuals, or to make hints or allusions which can wound modesty or offend sensibility. In fact, directly we descend to individuals, the truth of the general distinction fades away. When we speak of a Frenchman, we do not mean M. Guizot, or Louis Napoleon, or the Duke of Aumale, or any less celebrated Frenchman we may happen to know—we refer to a type which we have created from a great variety of instances. This typical Oxford man has characteristic points of difference which mark him off from the typical Cambridge man, and to note what these points of difference happen to be at present is as interesting as to examine any other fact of English society.

If stated very briefly, the chief difference may be said to be that the Cambridge man is more practical. Whether there is something in the method of training pursued, or whether the different

degrees of importance assigned to the various branches of education may be the cause, or whether the pitting of man against man in examinations may operate still more powerfully, the fact soon forces itself on the attention of all close observers. If two school friends part, and meet again after spending a year at the respective Universities, they are soon conscious that they no longer work exactly in the same way. The Cambridge student has learned to regard everything as a task which he must honestly and steadily get through. To do it, and not to think about it, is his aim. Still less does he occupy himself with thinking about doing it. He is too busy and methodical for the agreeable but delusive pleasure of secondary reflection. He has to master a subject, and all he cares is to master it and to go through it, so that he may satisfy the practical test of being examined in it and answering creditably. When he leaves college and commences a profession, he works in the same way. A law student from Cambridge, for instance, has generally no very romantic views either of his profession or of himself. Here is a very complex, confused, various piece of learning which he has undertaken to acquire. To do the thing well, he must work hard, and must utterly disbelieve that any knowledge will come unless it is painfully obtained. He must cultivate a legal memory, note carefully up all that he thinks he ought to know, and prepare himself to be able to pass an imaginary examination at the shortest possible notice. The Oxford student, on the other hand, is more inclined to speculate about law, to dally with its details, and to despise its confusion. Cambridge men, so to speak, approach law in a humbler attitude, and are consequently, perhaps, as a rule, better lawyers after the received English fashion. Of course, as we have already said, this is to be taken as true only of the typical representative of each University, and not of individuals. As it happens, the only original work on general jurisprudence that in recent years has come from either University has come from Cambridge, while the two foremost among the practising lawyers of the day a few months ago—the present Chancellor and the present Solicitor-General—were Oxford men. We must not look at men who are in any way exceptional. We must only look at the success of those who have so far profited by University teaching that their method of dealing with a profession may be supposed to be affected by the influences of the University. A boating man who has shaved through a pass at Cambridge will probably read law precisely in the same way as a boating man who has shaved through a pass at Oxford. But if we compare the general body of men who have taken fair degrees or been accustomed to read, we shall find that there is a difference in the manner in which the one and the other set approach a subject like law, and that that difference may fairly be described by saying that the Cambridge manner is the more practical.

The same turn or habit of mind is perceptible in the mode in which Cambridge men apply themselves to subjects less directly connected with professions. A Cambridge scholar, for example, sets himself to edit a Greek play. He goes through it as through a task which he determines to discharge. Every word is examined with the most critical accuracy, every illustration is collected that can possibly be brought to bear, and then the product is turned out. In the same way, theological questions are treated as matters of businesslike investigation rather than of deep thought. Inquiries into the meaning of words and phrases, into the history and dates of writings, occupy the attention of Cambridge. To perform a scholarlike stroke of business to the satisfaction of scholars is its peculiar aim. It has strongly in mind the expediency of addressing a learned world, and condemns, as thoroughly unbusinesslike, the vexatious habit of discussing before the profane multitude any agitating topics. As everything goes on within these recognised limits, there is no bitterness of controversy. Opinions divide people very little, and a kindly toleration gives a tone of ease and pleasantness to society. There is even an eagerness to show that other subjects than those of a philosophical kind occupy their inmost thoughts. There is a great deal of that curious irony of athleticism, that turn of disguised speech by which men professedly and zealously devoted to intellectual pursuits give it to be understood that their only real care is as to the pace they can go, and the distance they can last in a walking-match. There is such a thing as an affectation of not being affected; and in their anxiety to show that they take an intellectual calling in a purely businesslike, rational, and unassuming point of view, they put on the appearance of rather more indifference to everything but muscle and wind than they feel. But this is only slightly perceptible, and the absence of pretension, the desire for limited but accurate thought, and the readiness to meet every one on the platform of sociable courtesy, give to Cambridge men what we term a cosmopolitan character. They mix readily with very various men, as being sure of themselves within their own limits, and determined not to be induced to step out of them. They hold their own without offending any one, and if they despise enthusiasm they do not annoy enthusiasts. So far as the recognised influences of an English University extend, the typical Cambridge man seems to us to be as nearly as possible the exact product they are calculated to produce.

But the recognised influences of a university are not alone those that operate. Oxford, in the memory of this generation, has been stirred by two movements which were not at all provided for by the constitution of things established there. It has witnessed two very distinct but very powerful currents of theo-

logical thought playing freely within its limits. It is hard to see why these currents should have flowed from Oxford rather than from any other quarter. It seems as if it were a mere accident to which university half a dozen remarkable men had been sent in youth by their friends. But as Oxford has been the scene of these two movements, it has not failed to be greatly affected by them. Deep thinking will shake the minds of men who come within reach of its vortex, however much they might prefer swimming on one side. The greater preponderance given at Oxford to the study of metaphysical and moral philosophy has also worked in the same direction. Great problems, and vast fields of vague thought, have been obtruded on the youthful mind; and although local ingenuity has not failed to erect a barrier of cram and a set of stereotyped answers which ward off discussion and reflection as much as possible, yet there are always some who like to leap over the barriers and try their strength in open ground. The comparative leisure of Oxford, and the absence of competition produced by an alphabetical class-list, have also contributed to foster the turn for philosophical discussion. There is, we believe, a deeper interest in the great questions of religion and philosophy at Oxford than at Cambridge. But we must guard against being supposed to attribute any superiority to Oxford in saying this. There is a bad as well as a good side of this love of thought on great subjects. Of course, in itself, a love of great subjects is an excellent thing, and if Oxford has more of it than Cambridge, so much the better for Oxford. With a deep interest in truth also, there generally goes a wish to communicate it, and there is perhaps a stronger belief at Oxford in the value of truth as a thing which it is important for all men, learned or unlearned, to arrive at. But, on the other hand, with depth of feeling comes bitterness of controversy. Then, again, when philosophical discussion is much stimulated, it is sure to become the plaything of minds that never take it up seriously, and are as vague and unmeaning as they are demonstrative. Lastly, in a society much agitated by thoughts that are unwelcome to a large portion of its members, there is sure to grow up a class of men who make capital out of having nothing to do with it. This is far different from an unpretentious occupation of the whole attention with matters that are within the easy compass of the individual. It is a sort of toadying of ignorance and bigotry, a flattering of unreasoning obstinacy, and of the blind hatred of all that is new, or distinguished, or prominent. It is a growth that is sure to spring up beside any serious movement of thought, and when its crop is luxuriant, there are few things on earth less pleasant to see.

The Oxford man carries his habit of indolent but enthusiastic thought about the things he has given him to do into his career generally, as well as into his studies as an undergraduate. Cambridge men remark that Oxford men seem to take the study of the law or of divinity as if they were above it, and could not endure to get up routine drudgery. As the remark is not intended to be an unfriendly one, it is probably dictated by fair experience, and may be accepted as at least partially true. There is a slight tinge of the unpractical even in Oxford manners, just as there is a singular effect of a businesslike limitation of range visible in the manners of Cambridge athletes. There is a sort of politeness that has its home at Oxford, and nowhere else. It is not the courtesy of men of worldly tact, nor is it the mere overflowing of youthful good-nature. It is an overflowing of well-dressed philosophy, a sublimated essence of the fixed determination to be thoughtful and refined. It cannot be said to be in good taste or in bad taste, to be natural or affected, to be a credit or a discredit. All that we feel is, that it is utterly unbusinesslike and unpractical. It produces no effect except that of feeling it is a bore, and yet of feeling that it is a shame to think it a bore. We wish to get away from it, as men wish to get out of a conservatory into the fresh air. To have to do with it is like living for ever in a paradise of Cape jessamines. Fortunately, it generally fades away if brought much into contact with the larger world. A busy man can scarcely offer a mixture of Plato and otto of roses to a Jew attorney, a testy patient, a rebellious vestry, or an election mob. In fact, as men grow busy, almost all the differences that they have brought with them from their respective University pass off, and at forty the graduate of Oxford or Cambridge offers scarcely any signs by which the most practised observer could detect his University. The path in which the two bodies move is really the same, and all their divergencies and differences are slight and easily surmounted, even in the eyes of those who have local knowledge enough to detect them; while probably to the ordinary observer they are simply non-existent at all times, unless when they are specially pointed out.

PETTY STATES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE has formally intimated his intention of attacking the liberties of Switzerland by force. The form is, of course, the usual one. The world is told that he has no intention of doing anything of the kind. An experience of thirteen years fully justifies us in interpreting the Imperial declarations by the rule of contrary. The old naturalists tell us that the spotted hyena is providentially constrained to howl, in order that all other beasts might take warning and keep out of his way. So the ruler of France, by a sort

of involuntary instinct, gives notice beforehand of what he means to do, in a form which he probably designs to veil his thoughts, but which the simplest of all changes at once translates into the truest expression of his purpose. A dissembler of this sort is, as far as other people are concerned, exactly the same as a true man. Indeed, such a character frankly tells you a great many things which a true man would keep to himself. The bull-dog, when he attacks you, is about the most dangerous of animals. To be sure, he is bold and straightforward, and always aims at the face; but then, as he makes his attack without barking, he may get at your throat before you know anything about it. But you have only yourself to blame if you find yourself in the gripe of the spotted hyena, who fairly howls out his warning first of all. So it is the fault of any State if it is taken unawares by the Saviour of Society. He always gives fair warning to every people who have the wit to read the Imperial announcements backwards.

This time the attack is announced against one of the smallest countries in Europe, and we are accordingly told that it does not matter, because it is only a petty State. The Dappenthal is really so small a place that Europe ought not to be disturbed by any difficulties as to its ownership. Only think of a Dappenthal complication, a Dappenthal question, a Dappenthal solution—when we have been used to complications, questions, and solutions about things so very much bigger. What is Switzerland, after all? It merely exists for English tourists to go and look at in the autumn. And, if there were a prefect at Berne as well as at Chambéry, English tourists could go and look at it just as easily. Indeed, in many respects, the annexation would save trouble. The more Alpine slopes revert to their natural owner, the fewer custom-houses there will be for the traveller to be stopped at. The whole thing is not worth a batz, much less a franc of the new coinage. To be sure, the figure of Helvetia on the mountains is prettier to look at than the Imperial countenance, but that is a mere sentimental consideration, worth hardly more than the antiquarian scruple about the guaranteed neutrality of the country. The Dappenthal is so petty, all Switzerland is so petty, that we cannot afford to think anything about them. Let the mountains go to whom they will, provided only we are allowed to climb up them.

This name of Petty States, so often given to the smaller nations of Europe, is conceived in much the same spirit as the application of the name Provinces to all England except one town. If we look over the map of Europe, we shall certainly find that it is these minor Powers, these petty States, which really command, some our interest, some our respect. The Kingdom of Italy would perhaps hardly be looked on as a petty State, but we believe that it is not yet formally admitted to a place among the oligarchy of the "Great Powers." It can hardly be denied that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, are far more deserving of respect in every way than Russia, Austria, or Imperial France. They are all of them, speaking generally, well-governed and contented countries; they are the very countries in which the storms of 1848 found no materials for revolution. While Paris, Berlin, and Vienna were the theatres of disturbance or of actual war, Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen were as quiet as London and Edinburgh. The smaller States of the South do not bear so high a character as those of the North, but at least they need not be ashamed of a comparison with their Imperial neighbours. Spain—marvel as it is that such a land should ever have been counted among minor Powers—is rapidly, though Mr. Buckle is ignorant of the fact, rising to a position very different from that of a petty State. Portugal is at least as respectable as any of the Great Powers. Greece has not done all that her friends expected, but she has done more than her enemies allow, and that she has not done more still is by no means wholly her own fault. Servia and Wallachia, countries striving after the position of European States, are among the most interesting objects which the political world affords. On the whole, if the Great Powers excel in physical bigness, it is certainly the small ones which have the advantage in more truly moral greatness, in the associations of the past, the well-being of the present, and the hopes of the future. If the Small Powers go wrong it is commonly because the Great Powers mislead them. The difficulty of Italy just now is her fatal entanglement with France. The curse of all the Christian States of the East has been their exposure to the intrigues of Russia.

But of all the minor States of Europe, Switzerland is the very last which any man with either a head or a heart would ever for a moment speak or think of with contempt. It is a low view of Switzerland to look on it as a land which exists merely for the amusement of foreign tourists. It would have been much better for Switzerland if no foreign tourist had ever scaled a single Alp. The faults with which travellers reproach the Swiss people are precisely those which are always engendered in show places in all parts of the world. Travellers have spoiled Switzerland; and they are doing their best to spoil Norway. Astrea will soon have nothing left but the Republic of Andorra. It is provoking to hear the way in which men who have gone up Alps innumerable will come back and show how little they have thought of the real interest of the land which they have gone through—how little they know of what Switzerland has been, and what it still is. There is no part of Europe whose independence is more absolutely essential to every other part. This Europe has recognised in that common guarantee of neutrality which is now to

be trampled under foot. Hemmed in between two great despotic Powers, Switzerland is the very salt of the earth among Continental nations. There alone flourishes a form of liberty which has died out in the rest of the world. A confederation of small Republics could not exist probably in any other portion of Europe. In Switzerland it is the only form of free government that could exist. It is for the common good of the civilized world that this central position should be held by a really independent Power. But it is inhabited by men of various races, languages, and religions—mountain shepherds and inhabitants of ancient free cities—a collection almost as incongruous as the dominions of Austria or Turkey. These dissimilar elements in so small a space require to be kept together as one nation in the face of all others. No monarchy, no indivisible republic, could possibly effect this end. The result would probably be a little Austria—the German element domineering over the others, and the non-German portions flying off for help to France and Italy. The existing Federal system leaves to each Canton its perfect local independence, while it welds the whole of these discordant elements into a single united nation in all its foreign relations. It does not preclude local and religious dissensions from being pressed even to the extreme of civil war; but it produces a national unity, as towards other Powers, of which it may be truly said that, if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. The Federal system has broken down in America, because it was applied to so vast an area, and because there was no external compression. On one side was a neighbour so peaceful, on the other a neighbour so weak, that the States could do exactly as they pleased. They could keep together, or they could separate, without the slightest danger of being enslaved by anybody's hands but one another's. The same system has in every way answered in Switzerland, because Switzerland is a small country with a powerful and hungry tyrant on each side of it, because every member knows that in union alone is strength, and that for any one Canton to secede would simply mean to be swallowed up by the nearest despot. A country with such a past history and such a present position, a country which has been for more than five hundred years the very cradle and citadel of freedom, is, in the eyes of every man of common intellect and common good feeling, something rather more than a Petty State, something rather more than a pretty playground for autumnal travellers.

And if Switzerland be petty, what then? If the wrong were done, not to a State of paramount European importance, but to Andorra or San Marino, would not the wrong be wrong just the same? It is strange morality that the weak may freely be injured simply because they are weak. If so, we may as well dispense with all law, whether municipal or international. The courts of justice may for the future refuse to trouble themselves with the petty causes of petty men. Lawyers know very well that the highest principles of jurisprudence are as likely to be involved in a suit about an acre as in a suit about a whole county. Moralists know very well that falsehood is falsehood and robbery is robbery, whether the things and persons concerned are great or small. Those who talk contemptuously about Petty States, and say they cannot take the trouble to listen to their wrongs, have set up a creed of their own in which both law and morals are dispensed with—a creed new indeed in its naked utterance, but in practice as old as any public or private wrong-doer, from Cain to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.

Again, the principle of absolute non-intervention—the doctrine that no State ever ought to interfere in the affairs of any other State, that no blow should ever be struck, no despatch ever written, except by the nation directly attacked—is, whatever else we say of it, at any rate consistent and intelligible. But the doctrine of non-intervention on behalf of the weak is at once inconsistent and cowardly. If we are ever to interfere, either by physical or by moral force, surely it is when the weak are wrongfully attacked by the strong. When the strong quarrel with the strong, they may be left to fight out their own battles. No Power is called upon to interfere in a struggle between France and Austria. The whole civilized world is called upon to hinder the hero of the *coup d'état* from laying his hands either on the Dappenthal or on the left bank of the Rhine.

Lastly, this contemptuous talk about Petty States confuses the whole history of the past. How petty a State was Athens if measured on the map! How petty a State was Rome, in the days of Rome's real glory! How petty, if measured against the Empire of All the Russias, was the Macedonia of Alexander or the Carthage of Hannibal! How small was Milan when her Republic was the gem of European freedom, or even when her Dukes were the terror of Italy and the wonder of Transalpine lands! How small was Venice when Kings and Popes and Cæsars now sat in reverence at her feet, now conspired together against a wisdom and a prosperity which was a satire on the condition of their own realms! How very small were those Forest Cantons which first checked the House of Hapsburg in the earliest of all its invasions of right and freedom! Nay, how petty, by modern standards, would seem the England which won the Great Charter and founded the House of Commons—the England whose yeoman archers left one king dead on the field of Crecy, and saw three more fly before their cloth-yard shafts! Those who talk in this way forget that man's nature is the same in all times and in all places. They forget that great moral and intellectual qualities do not need a theatre of unusual physical extent for their display. They know too little of history or of

true politics to understand that a State is not petty, even in their own sense, when it is great according to the standard of its own age. The home territories of Athens now form a small portion of one of the smallest European kingdoms. Add on its outlying dependencies, at the time of their greatest extent, and it still does not reach the measure of a second or third-rate modern Power. But the interests of Athens were the greatest interests in the contemporary world. They involved every principle for which men are ready to do or to suffer, and they called forth an amount of genius and of energy such as the world has never since surpassed. Then, as now, there were great States and small ones. A political genius born in Portugal or in Switzerland had not now such a career before him as his fellows still have in England, and once had in France. So a man of great gifts who had the bad luck to be born in Ozolian Locris had not the same opportunity of displaying them as if he had been born at Athens. The great Powers of Greece were petty according to the physical way of looking at them. There were those who took that view of them. Darius and Xerxes seem to have been among the first practical propounders of the doctrine of Petty States, but they soon had the falsehood of that doctrine explained to them by the most cogent of all demonstrations. Then, as now, facts had an irresistible logic, and Grecian pikes and Grecian oars upset the mere physical theory of politics for ever. It is now banished to regions where ignorance of the past and ignorance of the present reign, as they commonly do, in happy harmony. The same authority which puts forth this wonderful dogma of Swiss insignificance begins its reflection on Lord Mayor's day with the information that "when the Athenian people held their Bacchanalian festivals, the custom was to bribe the great rhetoricians to stay at home that meaner geniuses might have their jest without rebuke." We do not remember to have heard of any Dionysiac festival at which *Æschylus* or *Aristophanes* found their purses the better filled for not competing for the prize. Perhaps, however, it was so, though we have not hunted up the fact in *Potter's Antiquities* or the *Travels of Anacharsis*; but, at any rate, when the great teacher goes on to say, "Our habit is different," we venture to think that it is exactly the same. The great rhetoricians were clearly either bribed to stay at home or were busy feasting with his Lordship in the Guildhall, when the meaner geniuses were allowed to have their jest about either Switzerland or Athens.

COMPLIMENTS.

"HARDLY shall you meet with any person, man or woman, so aged or ill-favoured, but, if you will venture to commend them for their comeliness—nay, and for their youth too, though 'time out of mind' is wrote upon every line of their face—yet they shall take it very well at your hands, and begin to think with themselves that certainly they have some perfections which the generality of the world are not so happy as to be aware of." This, it seems, was the state of the case in South's time, and we suppose there is something in it still. We suppose that we are all pleased with a judicious compliment, though wherein the pleasure lies it is not so easy to ascertain, for the very word "compliment" implies something not entirely to be credited. Indeed, it has been defined as seldom intended to mean any part of what it expresses—never to mean all it expresses. Of course, the person complimented does not take this view; but it is not at all because a man's vanity swallows the whole that he likes a well-turned compliment—he is quite conscious that there is illusion somewhere. In a certain sense, compliments are gone out of fashion. Some of our readers may be in a state to sympathize with the ingenious young lady, who avowed that she had never had a civil thing said to her, and may disown the subject as not coming home to their business and bosoms; but we submit that they are mistaken. We have all a moral as well as a physical appetite for sugar, which craves its indulgence. The word exists still, and the thing with it, though not in the same acknowledged formularies—not as an inevitable condition of social life, as when our language was surfeited with flattering expressions, and no gentleman could associate with his fellows but in a dialect of extravagant professions. There are people still who cannot live without compliments, and who contrive to get them. And if we do not receive compliments ourselves, we have still not seldom to hear them paid, and even to pay them, and are, in both cases, under circumstances to analyse their nature impartially. It is a consideration which much occupied the lively preacher we have quoted. He attributes it to a certain bewitching fascination in words, which make them operate with a force beyond what we can naturally give account of. He goes on to say, that though men know themselves utterly without those qualities and perfections ascribed to them, though they know that the flatterer himself knows the falsehood of his own flatteries, yet they swallow the fallacious morsel, love the impostor, and with both arms hug the abuse; and he adduces a very early victim to compliments of this extreme quality—the "empty, shallow, self-opinated grandee Ahab," whose Court prophets "sent him in a compliment to be knocked on the head at Ramoth Gilead."

It is a subject on which it is impossible to be logical, or to come to a clear conclusion; for certainly this explanation of man's liking smooth words, though they know their utter falseness, does not agree with the credit they are allowed

to gain in our opening illustration. But in the first place, there are compliments and compliments. The compliments that either sex pays the other are no doubt the most grateful, the most legitimate, and have the largest share of reality the word admits of. Next, compliments to our exterior, attributing youth or good looks, are in their nature safest to pay, as being most congenial, and least fastidiously inquired into. Further, there are compliments, *par excellence*, which we have to bestow, or to hear bestowed, at hustings, public meetings, wedding breakfasts, funeral sermons, and in friendly reviews. These three stages demand different rates of credulity. Thus a man is quite right to accept at their highest value the compliments of a partial friend or good wife. Then, on the question of good looks, it is permissible surely to hope for the best. There always may be a degree of truth in personal compliments as far as we know. We see ourselves in our glass, old and plain it may be, but we can be brought to reflect that we do not see ourselves illuminated by the animation of talk or the glow of feeling. Some unquestionably have looks that their glass never shows them, and why may not we be of the number? Those "time out of mind" lines which show so distinctly in the glare brought to bear upon them, may soften under a less trying ordeal; we cannot be quite sure that our complacent friend is an utter deceiver. All people, then, are more or less open to this form of compliment, and are not unwise in lending some ear to it. The third class—business-like, out-spoken—we shall take leave to consider, until we have experienced in our own person the luscious falsehood, the most difficult of comprehension. The pleasure men find in being complimented wholesale by fellow-townsmen and common acquaintance in the face of a large assemblage, we think goes to the heart of the mystery. Men do like it who are quite discerning enough not to derive their satisfaction from implicit belief either in the speakers or their own merits. To be the theme of certain dulcet words, to feel the ears tickled by a temporary relation with high-sounding virtues and lofty deeds, has, we presume, a touch of Elysium in it, though there can be no sober certainty of real appropriation. Words have a power to lay a flattering unction on the senses that no man's judgment can wholly release him from. It has been well said that "conversation between men in time persuades," and the process of persuasion may be rapid when our merits are the theme. Experience tells us that there are people to whom *anything* can be said with a good chance of being believed—who see no incongruity between their deserts and the utmost hyperbole of praise, whose vanity is a vast magnifying and embellishing power, setting them on an unapproachable elevation. The existence of such persons no doubt keeps the art of compliments alive; they furnish precedents of what may be said, raise a high standard, and keep invention on the stretch to satisfy an abnormal appetite. But to ordinary constitutions, where, indeed, can the pleasure lie of wholesale praise, profuse, but undiscerning? Where can be the relish of a series of mistakes at our expense, attributing to us all the virtues of which we have but a meagre share, and in the full panoply of which we don't recognise ourselves, while the characteristics on which we value ourselves, *our self*, in fact, is never reached. Yet, undoubtedly men do like it; and it must lie in the mystery of words. That the air should be filled with something handsome about ourselves, that the sound should be continuous, that a certain oily smoothness of intonation should hang about our name, that indifferent hearers should become familiar with it in such a conjunction, that though we cannot reckon on the hearts, yet the ears and tongues present should be occupied about us, does minister to gratification.

Compliments are not real praise, we know, but they bear an external resemblance to it. Even real genuine heartfelt praise is not without its mysteries. Why should we be pleased with it, when the conscience and judgment in great part disown it? An analytic mind must always see contradiction—something unreasonable in its own glow of satisfaction—so as to be a good deal ashamed at it; but though compliments are an avowed civility, confessedly spoken because they are the thing, and required by the occasion, yet they gratify. There are people to whom incense of this sort assimilates so naturally that they accept every—the most merely conventional—form of it, treasure up unmeaning commonplaces for repetition, give themselves the trouble to fish for it, turn the worn tinsel into pure gold on the spot, and live in an atmosphere of transparent illusion. There are silly women, not unlike the Aunt in *Molière*, who absurdly fancy every man a lover, who interpret even the most untoward expression into a compliment, and who can, like the *Femme Savante*, make something to the advantage of their delusion out of such disenchantments as "Je veux être pendu si je vous aime." Simple minds are for a long time perplexed by persons under this possession, and, perhaps, never fairly get at the bottom of it, why experiences should be so different—why all the pretty things should drift in one direction, and so far out of their own reach. It really lies in a certain audacity. There are persons, for instance, who, taking it as a matter of course that they are immortal and incapable of decay, will ask their acquaintances to guess their age. Now, age writes itself on every face; everybody who gives himself time can guess another's age to a year or two; but who can set himself to so ungracious a task? If there is not tact to evade the inquiry, a leap in the dark is all that is left us. We see an imperative demand for a compliment, and, before judgment sets itself to its careful calculation, we construct an

hypothesis and guess ten or fifteen years within the mark we know very well must be reached if we allow ourselves time. Then follows the languid complacent conclusion—"Ah! nobody guesses my age, every one thinks me so young." Whence it is clear that the question is an habitual one, and that the world has been as complacent as the questioner. We have observed that religious biographies furnish examples of this eager appropriation of civility and compliment. The ordinary language of society is felt to be intoxicating to excitable temperaments. What people whom they class as "the world" receive as matter of course stimulates self-contemplative natures. Thus, we have read of a Glasgow student selling his prize medal, from not being able to bear with Christian humility the presence of so transcendent a distinction. Leigh Richmond, we think it was, who records—with a prayer not to be unduly lifted up—every notice of a sermon of his in the country paper; and young ladies of this school have found themselves obliged to renounce their third-rate accomplishments from the delicious enjoyment afforded them by the civilities of their acquaintance after a performance on the piano or a song very indifferently sung. These people transmute the phrases of time-worn compliment into praise, and while they disown the praise on religious grounds, have yet a certain sense of its fitness to some part of themselves.

But these are exceptional cases. Cooler judgments presently find that their medals, their sermons, and their fantasias are not subjects of lasting interest to other people—that our neighbours do not, in the long run, praise us if we do not give them the cue, and that, if they do, there is not much to frighten our modesty in most compliments. They are but cankered roses, after all. An exquisite compliment is indeed one of the finest achievements of the intellect, and needs a poet, an orator, or a lover who is both in one, for its accomplishment. Witness Shakespeare's celebrated *compliment*—which it assuredly is—to Elizabeth. He knew very well, and knew also that she knew, that she had not been "fancy free" any time the last twenty or thirty years. But it was true to appearances, and may still be received as a token of a certain gallant reverence for the Virgin Queen.

But such first-rate artificers generally let out the great fact about compliments—that their own ingenuity is quite as much in their minds as their professed object. It must always have been a safeguard to the pretty women immortalized by the poets, that there was an evident intention to go shares in the fame. If the lady found the beauty, the poet furnished the immortality. Shakespeare concludes a sonnet of exquisite and tender compliment with—

So long as men can breathe, and eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

And old Drayton, after a great deal of pretty homage, indulges himself in a little self-flattery to this effect, in apostrophizing the house where so much perfection first saw the light:—

The old man passing by that way,
To his son in time shall say,
There was that lady born, which long
To after ages shall be sung;
Who, unawares, being passed by,
Back to that house shall cast his eye,
Speaking my verses as he goes,
And with a sigh shut every close.

Thus compliment is distinct from simple praise in this point—that it is an exhibition, acknowledged on all sides, of the speaker's powers. Given a theme—an occasion—something neat is said, something pretty, ingenious, appropriate. We are half-sorry that the best wits seem to be giving up the pursuit, and leaving it in the hands of bunglers, who can only give real satisfaction to the vainer sort.

Compliment is distinct, too, from praise, in that its line is generalities. It is inexhaustible on "the ladies," in picking out the show points in classes and communities. It catches the external ideal a man has of himself, and ministers to this conception. It gets out of its depth conspicuously and fatally when it begins to discriminate, compare, define. We have said all public testimonies are necessarily of the nature of compliment, because the speaker must have his own performance on his mind; and in these no modification or qualification is possible—he must go ahead and assume perfection. Speaking dispassionately—not from experience—it always strikes us that a great deal of lavish, highly-coloured laudation, tending to a characterless, shadowless picture of perfection, cannot be very intoxicating. It can hardly leave more than the poor residuum of satisfaction that such a person, or so many persons, have thought it worth while to say fine things of us—a distinction of which everybody cannot boast, but not without wounding our sensitiveness and even our vanity in the process. Who, for example, ever heard or read a funeral sermon which they would be satisfied should be pronounced over themselves, or that it is possible to imagine the defunct could have listened to with patience? What we desire, living and dead too—if the sounds of our world reach those shades—is, that the distinctive parts of ourselves, "something unbound or found in us alone," should have been recognised and valued; and this, the rarest, choicest of all homage, is not compliment but appreciation. Compliment should ever bear in mind that comparisons are dangerous, and odious too; and this is the rock on which it is perhaps most apt to split, and on which the professed sayer of civil things is constantly blundering. If we are to be complimented, while our taste revolts at what is fulsome, we yet demand that the thing shall be handsomely

done. We are not satisfied with any sort of subservience, or to be put on any but the highest level. We are willing, we say, to remain altogether in the shade; but if Mr. So-and-so goes out of his way to extol us, let it be for something choice, piquant, placing us in the aristocracy of good qualities. No one cares to hear himself complimented for sterling qualities, while another is called brilliant. A girl will not thank you for calling her amiable while another is charming; and, as it is unsafe to compare one with another, it is equally so, except under the most delicate handling, to compare a man with himself under different times and circumstances; and yet the man who has to hear himself constantly praised to his face must hear this done almost as often. We will conclude with a recent experience to the point. It was our good fortune lately to hear a distinguished speaker address a large audience with his accustomed eloquence, at which a peer long practised in the office presided. All the civilities incident to such occasions had to be spoken, and, with earnest, hearty regard, the chairman set himself to pay a genuine tribute to his friend's powers. "I assure you," he said, with warm emphasis, "I have frequently listened to my dear friend, but I have never heard him to greater advantage than to-day. He is always eloquent and impressive, but his speech to-day was something more. There was information in it, something new, something I never heard before; I think I may say I never heard him to such advantage." That modest look of unconsciousness with which the popular orator has to listen to hyperbole of compliment, as though he partly did not hear and partly disowned as he heard, must stand him in good stead under another class of trials incident to the situation—as when, under the gaze of a multitude, he has to receive the information in his turn, that only occasionally and exceptionally he says things that everybody has not heard before.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

EVERYBODY feels it to be right to laugh at Lord-Mayor's Day and at all that belongs to it. As the anniversary comes round, the fine old crusted jokes reappear, and the fun is just as much a British institution as the Lord Mayor, and the man in the hairy cap who sits in his carriage, and the ancient knights who ride before it. To be sure, there is a good deal to laugh at—especially in the solemn and dignified way in which the old farce is kept up. Chopping sticks and counting nails are not half so ludicrous as the Barons of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister and the King of the City playing Noodle and Doodle for this day only in Westminster Hall and the Guildhall; and when Baron Pollock got upon Whittington and Bow Bells—or as, in a fine flight of poetry which would almost justify a revival of the office of Lord Mayor's Laureate, which has been in abeyance since the days of Elkanah Settle, the learned Judge styles them, "the joy-bells of London"—it may be considered settled that the Ninth of November justifies itself. Everybody enters into and assists the spirit of the thing. It is what we call an "institution". That is to say, it is, from first to last, something which theoretically is absolutely indefensible—which fits in and answers to no abstract view or principle—nay, which perhaps insults and sets at nought all high *a priori* views—but which answers its purposes, works well, and does what we want to be done. This is what we vilify, and at the same time justify, when, with a mixture of depreciation and pride, we laugh at, and take pride in, a British institution. Some speaker, on Saturday last, spoke of the City of London itself as one of these British institutions. This was too true to be a pleasantry. It is so. The City of London stands for something, means something, and that something is a very real and influential thing. But the City of London of fact—the City of London, with its Lord Mayor and Aldermen and Common Council—is not that which it represents. The fiction and lay figure is not the ideal in the artist's thought. The City of London of speakers and statesmen is the great commerce and trade of Europe. It is the Barings and Palmers, the Cotton and Cloth, and Iron and Coal of England. The abstract City of London is all Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and Newcastle in one. The City of London of fact—the Corporation which processionizes, and eats and drinks and talks—is nothing more than a few third-rate retail shopkeepers or advertising tradesmen, and is quite as much the real City of London as the "ancient knights" are Du Guesclins or Bois de Guilberts. The present Lord Mayor is a great anomaly and exception. He is an honest, simple, straightforward Tory, who has risen from the ranks, and is a kind-hearted, active gentleman; and, because he is far beyond his peers in personal character and means, he holds—and, if he likes the work, deserves to hold—office for a second year. But even the Lord Mayor, though only by a convenient fiction, is at the head of the commerce of London, just as, by the same fiction, the City of London stands for the trade of England. It is all a fiction, but it has its uses.

Easter Monday at the Mansion House, and Lord Mayor's-day at Guildhall, are accepted for more than they are worth. The banquet, especially the banquet at Guildhall, is a sorry affair. A room, once a noble one, but now utterly spoilt, and full of drafts and dinginess, with a wretched dinner to be consumed in a vulgar crowd, is something; much below the gorgeous poetry of that sumptuous bill of fare which is annually produced in print, and nowhere else. But though some people go for what they can snatch from their hungry neighbours, the true banquet is in the divine

talk of the gods who descend for this day only, to feast with the blameless Ethiopians, and not for the nectar and ambrosia where no City Hebe smiles, and where the City Vulcan has no jests. On Saturday last, the caterers of the feast of reason showed more imagination and novelty than the *chef* of Messrs. Staples, whose carte for the ninth of November has not been varied within the period of legal memory. Lord Palmerston and the American Minister were present, and each was expected to say something, and that something was to be significant. Just as, on New Year's-day, our great neighbour selects a formal occasion of etiquette and ceremony for letting slip the heralds of war, or for welcoming the dove of peace, in a few commonplace words of compliments of the season, so the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers or the Diplomatic Body at the civic festival has its profound political import. If Lord Palmerston, or Mr. Adams, or M. Walewski, or whoever it may be, says something, it is canvassed, strained, and commented upon till often the web cracks in the process of testing it. If the celebrity says nothing, his silence is as eloquent as his confidences. To give honour to the stranger, we must say that Mr. Adams was equal to the occasion. The silence of the Spartan boy is not superior to the reticence of the American Minister. Who could have imagined that the fox was gnawing at his heart when all this commonplace flowed from the diplomatist's tongue at the Guildhall table? It is little short of heroism in a man to quote the threadbare aphorisms of Talleyrand about diplomacy, and to spout—as if they were absolute novelties—about Shakspeare, Newton, and Bacon, with neat allusions to Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling, not forgetting our old friend, Magna Charta, when his heart and thoughts were on the Potomac and in Mr. Seward's bureau. Mr. Adams certainly distinguished himself. People are affected differently by banquets. The poet says that wine opens the heart. It must have opened Mr. Crawford's when, later in the evening, he chose this particular occasion to discourse to the Lord Mayor on the singular advantages which the City had gained by rejecting him, the Lord Mayor, as its representative; but probably the civic port had not done its work when the American Minister got on his legs. Those legs were steady enough—that tongue was cautious enough. But the effort to be airy and genial, and to say what is not in your mind, is always a ghastly performance. Mr. Adams's easy lecture was as the grin and gibber of a skeleton. The affectation of indifference on such an occasion as the dissolution of the American Union is an absurdity in itself, and was something of an affront to those to whom it was addressed. For the Northern States and their representative to pretend that the great civil war which is now raging throughout what was once the Union is such a trifle that it is right to pass it over in contemptuous silence, is neither a good joke nor a creditable stroke of policy. It is neither heroism in the North nor complimentary to ourselves. If they don't feel the civil war, we do. If the American Minister cannot take counsel with us as friends, or speak to our sympathies and duties on so solemn an occasion as the disruption of his country, we at least can assure him that we feel for and with his country. And when men or nations feel, it is but honest and right, and an evidence of natural self-respect, at least to allude to what is in our hearts.

Two contrasts—and each of them significant—to Mr. Adams's forced and stiff dignity of contemptuous indifference, were in store for him. The one presented itself *en face*, and was afforded by Lord Palmerston half an hour afterwards and on the spot. The second, though probably it took place at the moment of his own address, was delivered two streets off and at an opposition or a parallel banquet. At Fishmongers' Hall the guest of the evening was Mr. Yancey, "one of the Southern Commissioners now in England." Of Lord Palmerston's speech—which, with its decorous allusion to "the affliction" with which we view the state of things in America, was in substance and spirit almost a rebuke to Mr. Adams's oration—it is enough to say that it was just suitable to the political state of Europe. There was just enough to suggest apprehensions, while there was also enough to animate and encourage public spirit. It did not affect to say Peace, Peace, when there was no Peace, but to reflect the condition of the British mind, and to express the national conviction, that we have everything to gain by peace and plenty, and that though we wish to be let alone, we are perfectly resolved to sacrifice even peace and plenty for the sake of honour and duty. But it was elsewhere that Mr. Adams was to meet with the most striking contrast. The Fishmongers, who are no more Fishmongers than Polonius, are also an Institution; and the Fishmongers' Company is suffered to be identified with civic liberalism of the more advanced type. The invitation to Mr. Yancey to their particular dinner, therefore, was in itself a remarkable thing. So was his address. Of course it was his *rôle* to be as communicative, as it was settled to be his rival's policy to be silent. Mr. Yancey came to England to talk; and he talked last Saturday much to the purpose, as well as to his own special purpose. Mr. Yancey did not discuss London Bridge, nor did he dilate on Dr. Johnson's rooms in the Temple, or on the recent sale of Shakspeare's garden at Stratford. Such large themes he left to the orator at Guildhall. But he certainly went to the core of the matter when he publicly acknowledged the fair and upright conduct of England in recognising the belligerent rights of the South; and when he announced that Free Trade was the natural policy of the Confederate States, he did much more for his cause than if he had gone into a stirring

oration on the tyranny of the North, or the demerits of the Morrill tariff. In Mr. Yancey, at any rate, we see one American public man who neither affronts our feelings by cynicism or our temper by swagger.

THE NEW MINUTE AND THE PUPIL-TEACHERS.

THE agitation against the new Minute will achieve little if its conduct is entrusted to intemperate and violent champions. The provisions of the Revised Code are open to much objection; but so far as they embody the principle of making Government aid conditional on a sound teaching of the three elementary subjects, the calm judgment of the country is, we believe, already prepared to affirm them. There are subsidiary questions which await solution—as the supposed contract with the certificated masters—upon the discussion of which we do not propose at present to enter. The interests of education will be best served by stripping the question of its breeches-pocket element, and considering dispassionately whether the proposed machinery is limited to the remedy of a proved defect in elementary education, or whether it supersedes any part of the system hitherto in force that worked well, and that ought to be retained.

It should not be forgotten that, together with many deficiencies, the English educational system has been generally credited with one peculiar excellence. Prussia has solved the difficult problem of compulsory instruction. France has dealt with the religious difficulty in a wise and statesmanlike manner. These are great and distinguishing features of Continental education, however disinclined we may be to follow the example set by either nation. In default of any comprehensive scheme, in spite of much that is tentative and unphilosophical, in spite of a great deal of acknowledged failure, there is one point in the English system of education of which we are justly proud. The Reports of Inspectors, full of the same complaints of the prevalence of bad reading, are unanimous in eulogizing the operation of one portion of our educational machinery. The Royal Commissioners, while making some valuable suggestions for its further improvement, stamped it with their cordial approval. The agency which all men have combined to praise is the pupil-teacher system. Pupil-teachers were called into being by some Minutes of Council passed in the year 1846. They were intended to supersede the old monitorial system, the inefficiency of which was only too apparent. The primary object of their institution was to provide elementary schools with competent assistant-teachers drawn from their own ranks. A schoolmaster generally finds in his first class one or two boys whose home circumstances and general intelligence naturally indicate them as embryo pupil-teachers. A lad of this stamp, supposing a selection to be made, as soon as he is thirteen, is bound by indentures to teach in the school for five years. At the end of each year he passes an examination, for which he is specially prepared by his master, before the Government Inspector. Provided this is passed, he receives from the Parliamentary fund a salary rising by fixed steps from 10*l.* to 20*l.*

The advantages to national education from the institution of pupil-teachers are chiefly two. First, it has ensured comparative permanency in the teaching staff of a great number of schools. Nearly eighty-eight per cent., we learn from the Reports on Education, of the whole number admitted as pupil-teachers, successfully complete their apprenticeship. This is a point of the highest importance. Change in the *personnel* of teachers means deterioration in the instruction of scholars. Secondly, it has procured for schools efficient class-teachers. These have been of a far higher stamp than the rate of salary would of itself have been able to attract. The prestige of the connexion with Government has been a powerful inducement to parents, and has led many to proffer, who would otherwise have withheld their children's service. It has acted as a counterpoise to the notion, which will always find some countenance in a country where there is a decided preference for out-door and robust pursuits, that there is something feminine and mawkish in the occupation of a teacher. The following is the testimony borne by the Royal Commissioners to the merits of the system:—

To appreciate its value the pupil-teachers must be compared with the monitors whom they have superseded, and with the students who were, with great difficulty, and in scanty numbers, collected into the Normal Schools before 1846. The inefficiency of the monitors has been already described. The utmost extent of the attainments of the students, on their admission to the training colleges, was an imperfect acquaintance with reading, writing, and arithmetic. The pupil-teachers, on the other hand, have furnished a constant and sufficient supply to all the training colleges; and their acquirements and general fitness for the posts for which they have been selected are best attested by the fact that only 12·68 per cent. of the total number admitted are removed during their apprenticeship, either by death, failure in attainments, misconduct, or other causes, including the adoption of other pursuits in life. Considering the stringency of the tests applied to ascertain the qualifications, moral and intellectual, of each individual, in every year of his apprenticeship, this is a most successful result.

After all, there is something in a good school to which no mere report can do justice, which we call, for want of a better term, emphatically *tone*. How much this is formed by the action and influence of pupil-teachers is best seen by comparing, as any one interested in education may do, the state of the same school before and after their introduction. Speaking generally, it is not too much to say that they are so many centres from which the best kind of improvement radiates—improvement of morals, manners, and per-

sonal habits. It is a very shallow judgment which rates their value by the measure of the intellectual instruction they impart.

A recognition of its merit naturally suggests inquiry into the causes of the success of the pupil-teacher system. First, how has it given this permanence to the teaching staff of the country? By creating a close personal tie between the master and the pupil-teacher. The apprenticeship of the latter to the former for a period of five years, if it does not constitute a legal obligation, carries with it a moral weight, of which the best proof is afforded by "the logic of facts." The mutual interdependence of the two parties—the one looking to his subordinate for support, the other looking to his chief for instruction—the mutual consciousness that the welfare of the one is involved in the welfare of the other, and that the prosperity of the school depends on the soundness of the relation between its rulers—this it is which has given stability to the connexion. A sort of feudal bond is created, the peculiar strength of which is derived from its being founded on the blind allegiance which a school-boy generally pays to his master, and cemented by a community of interests. The authors of the Minutes of 1846 were shrewd enough to see this, and shaped their measure so as to bring pupil-teacher and school-master into as intimate a union as possible. For this purpose, indentures were introduced. The result has fully justified their wisdom and forethought. But this is not all. The fact that the indentures are sent down from the Education Office—that the Committee of Council, if not an actual party to them, is privy to them—the knowledge on the part of the candidate and his parents that he has contracted an engagement which brings him under the notice of a department of the Government, and that he will work under the eye and protection of that department—the vision of the Committee of Council looming in the background, and perhaps, for that very reason, more impressive—all this invests an apprenticeship with a gravity, from a local point of view, which greatly contributes to give it permanence. Secondly, what is it which makes pupil-teachers such an invaluable accession to the teaching-power of any school? Their efficiency may be referred, we believe, to two causes. The first is the prestige which attaches to their connexion with Government. It is true that knowledge may be imparted successfully without any such adventitious aid. But a pupil-teacher has more important work than this. He has to break in rough lads to habits of order and discipline. In this part of his duties—the maintenance of discipline—the prestige of his office is of great service. It strengthens his hands to a degree of which persons not conversant with the routine of school-work have little idea. It gives him a moral ascendancy which alone enables him to deal, as he often has to do, with superior physical force. Displace him from the vantage-ground he occupies on the lowest step of that ascending scale of official dignity which, through vistas of masters and inspectors, culminates in the Lord President of the Council, and his authority in school ceases to be what it has hitherto been. The second cause of efficiency in pupil-teachers is the system of examination to which they are subjected. This is a guarantee for their intellectual proficiency. They are kept up to their work by knowing that the Committee of Council will "take stock" each year of their attainments, and require to be satisfied with them before it pays their salary. Thus each successive examination is a reality—an event which they always have in view, and for which they are constantly preparing. The essence of the stimulus consists in the knowledge, on the part of the pupil-teacher, that, in order to obtain his annual stipend, he must prove his competency to the satisfaction, not of indulgent managers and neighbours, but of a cold, dispassionate tribunal sitting in Whitehall, and judging his work by stated rules, which exclude the possibility of any prejudice in his favour.

In the foregoing remarks, we have expressed, it will be observed, no opinion whether it is desirable that any connexion should exist between Government and pupil-teachers. We have only attributed to that connexion certain effects, which have been highly favourable in our judgment to the cause of education. Neither do we assert that the system is perfect as it is. On the contrary, there are special defects in it which call for a remedy. We will now proceed to consider how the pupil-teacher's position is affected by the new Minute. In the first place, he is no longer to be bound by indentures. The relation of master and apprentice is to be destroyed; and in its place an agreement with the managers to serve for weekly wages is to be substituted. It wants a knowledge of human nature more than anything else, to calculate which of these plans will work best. Is it possible to get the same loyal, unquestioning service from a hired assistant which experience has shown may be got from the bound apprentice? This is a question for employers of labour to answer. We cannot but think that the deliberate preference of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth—a man of great experience in questions relative to wages and labour—for the indenture, ought to have great weight. So far as we understand them, the reasons for this change are two. The first is, that the payments to pupil-teachers may be regulated by the rate of wages in the district where they are employed. This is an argument to which we should attach more importance if it were the case that the stipends allowed to pupil-teachers varied from the ordinary rate of wages on the side of excess. As it is, they usually fall short of it, in greater or less proportions. Economical reformers ought

to be gratified to know that the Committee of Council can get their work done well, at a cheaper rate than other employers. The second reason for the proposed alteration seems to us singularly inconclusive. It is set forth in a circular of Mr. Lingen's, addressed to the Inspectors. The indentures have hitherto been seldom or never stamped; and it is to obviate the "unstable character thus given to the relations" between master and pupil-teacher that a stamped agreement is to be substituted. "Enough of legal character will be given to the agreement to make it serious without interposing any insuperable obstacle to its dissolution." But what is the fact as to these "unstable relations"? The Royal Commissioners supply us with the information that nearly 88 per cent. of the young persons who enter apprenticeship successfully complete it. Is the whole system to be upon this point revolutionized to meet the case of that small percentage which, under any system, will fail to complete a five years' engagement? Again, what will be the practical value, so far as the welfare of the school is concerned, of the legal character which is to make the new agreement "serious without being indissoluble"? The engagement is to be terminable, on either side, by a written notice of six months, or by payment of a sum never to exceed 6*l*. We are not so sanguine as to anticipate that school-managers will be exempt from the vexation to which private masters are exposed—namely, the constant desire on the part of the servant to better himself. When the coveted berth in the linen-draper's shop or railway office is fairly within reach, off will go your legally-bound pupil-teacher on the scent for better pay. He will be succeeded by another, over whom you will have an equally legal control for the next twelve months. Under the specious pretext of making a more binding contract between the pupil-teacher and the school authorities, the new Code seems to us to provide the former with facilities for escaping from his engagements. Many a master, as he watches the effect on his scholars of a fluctuating staff of teachers, will be willing to exchange the legal hold over them for a tie which, if not enforceable at law, was morally and practically binding. Why, it may be asked, should pupil-teachers change their mind more under the new system than the old? Because, as it seems to us, that which has hitherto given to their relation with the school its real strength—the direct connexion with the Government—will be gone.

This brings us to the second great change in the position of a pupil-teacher which the Revised Code involves. The severance of the tie which united him to the Council Office will be followed by the cessation of all those effects which we have already attributed to that connexion. The third and last point to which attention may be drawn is the altered position he will occupy in regard to his annual examinations. Hitherto he has had but one quarter to look to for his examination and salary. Henceforward the functions of examiner and paymaster are to be dissociated. It is no reflection on school-managers to say that they will make the system of annual examination nugatory. How are they to be compelled to act on the report of the Committee of Council as to the proficiency of their pupil-teacher? Experience proves them to be almost always on his side, so to say, in the matter of an examination. And very naturally so. They see him slaving day after day in the school—they know how hard he has worked in ways that perhaps never meet the official eye. All this disposes them to a very indulgent judgment of his written exercises. It is not too much to say, that if the decision rested with them, they would almost always allow payments which the Council Office withholds on the ground of defective attainments. What will they do when they hold the purse-strings in their own hands? How will the Council Office, to say the least, ever know that due regard has been paid to its representations? If these can be quietly ignored, the position which "My Lords" will henceforward occupy in the public eye will be hardly consistent with their dignity—unless it be dignified to give advice which is not followed, and to register examinations which will practically be barren of any result.

If the one peculiar excellence of English education is sacrificed, it will not be, as we conceive, for any good and sufficient reason. Rather it will fall a victim to one of three bugbears. It may be sacrificed to the cry of over-work at the central office. Surely this argument has been somewhat exaggerated. At any rate, the question is merely a fiscal one. Is the benefit to education from pupil-teachers so great that it is worth while to buy its continuance at the cost of salaried a few more clerks? Or it must yield to the necessity that all grants should be henceforward merged in a single capitation grant. Is convenience in the mode of disbursing sums from the Parliamentary fund to override all other considerations? Or we must lay aside, forsooth, our best instrument for promoting sound elementary teaching, because the cant phrase of the day bids us only pay "for results." As if the sole "result" which would warrant expenditure were a boy who can read, write, and sum! As if the machinery which turns out Manchester cottons were itself less "a result" than the goods it produces! And yet this jargon veils a definite meaning. It means that the country is bent on having the three fundamental subjects better taught in its elementary schools. A system of capitation which will insure this is imperatively required. If the present capitation grant were made the reality which it is capable of being made, and which it was intended in the first instance to be, a great step

would be taken in the right direction. But we must demur to the proposition that, because certain defects need a remedy, a judicious reformer will begin by eliminating what works undeniably well.

THE M'MANUS DEMONSTRATION.

THE memory of the great battle of Ballinacorney has already grown so dim and obscure that few, we fear, except those unhappy aspirants for official preferment who are supposed to know and remember everything, would be able, without a strong effort, to recall between whom, and with what result it was fought. Yet on that fatal field, or rather in that fatal cabbage-garden, the ardent hopes and aspirations of Young Ireland received their deathblow. One more was added to the sad list of down-stricken nationalities, lamented in sorrowful accents by recent French historians; and the chiefs of the revolt—O'Brien the Brave and M'Manus the Warlike—after a series of brilliant manoeuvres, of which the true purport is still disputed by competent military critics, were compelled to surrender or fly before a small but compact force of the Irish constabulary. Ignoble leaders of a foolish rebellion, they shortly afterwards disappeared, transported for life in a most unheroic fashion. It was, indeed, impossible to throw a halo of glory over the rash storming of the Widow M'Cormack's cottage. Gradually, however, by a familiar process, when all the baser elements of the transaction had been speedily forgotten or intentionally ignored, the fervid imagination of a certain select sect of Irishmen seems to have created for itself an ideal M'Manus. This mythic personage was invested with majestic attributes. He was the type of pure patriotism, an heroic tamer of policemen, the destined deliverer, probably, on some very remote day, of the Celt from ignominious thralldom to the Saxon. After a vague belief of this nature had been for some time current, it became an easy task, when the melancholy tidings arrived from America, to persuade a credulous peasantry that the death of Terence Bellew M'Manus was a national calamity—to persuade them, at least just so far as was necessary to justify a fictitious excitement, and to offer a fair prospect of a sensation funeral to be conducted on a magnificent scale.

The course of the agitation seems to have been something in this wise:—The nation was at first mournfully interrogated—Are the bones of the patriot avenger, of your beloved M'Manus, to be left to moulder in an unhonoured tomb, in a foreign land? Never, decidedly never! France could not more earnestly have desired that the body of the great Napoleon should rest under the dome of the Invalides, than the sons of Erin that the remains of their M'Manus should be deposited in Jarlath's hallowed fane. So, after due appointment of committees—the M'Manus Funeral Obsequies committee, and so forth—the coffin of poor M'Manus, respectfully escorted by delegates from California and delegates from America, is at length fairly shipped and consigned to the port of Cork. The fever of expectation in Ireland is meanwhile intensified. Thus runs the invitation to the funeral rites:—"Come to his funeral, ye people of Ireland. Come, and place him in the great city of the dead—not far from Curran, and within the shadow of O'Connell's pillar tower. There let his ashes rest waiting for the final summons of the Archangel!" Ireland is not ungrateful. When the ship that bore the body hove in sight, the people, labourers chiefly from adjacent country districts, flocked by thousands to the landing-place to receive and give a mournful welcome to their departed patriot. Into the city of Cork, and far onwards on the road to Dublin, the bier was followed or met by like attendant crowds. "The children of the scattered nation," we are told, "have met it at every stage, and wetted the pall with their tears." Arrived at Dublin, the remains of the Irish martyr are laid in state in the lecture-hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The priesthood look coldly on—all churches are closed. For now a difficulty arises, most unexpected and most embarrassing. A rumour is spread abroad that Archbishop Cullen has placed a ban upon the obsequies of the martyr. A conviction of its truth gains ground, carrying rage and despair into the hearts of committee-men, delegates, and the rest. How, indeed, was it possible for them to anticipate such an ending for their splendidly-got-up funeral obsequies? Could it have been supposed that even a Castle Bishop, a hack Bishop, would dare to refuse the last religious offices, to close the doors of the church to the patriotic martyr, borne to his grave on the shoulders of an admiring nation? To be abandoned, too, by one's priesthood on an occasion of such solemnity! No words will adequately describe the storm of indignation that arose when this unlooked-for bar was placed before the accomplishment of their wishes. The Reverend Patrick Lavelle gives voice to the general sentiment in a strain of the very choicest Hibernian eloquence. We should like to transfer his burning words entire to our columns, but must for the present confine ourselves to his invocation of all the saints in the Irish Calendar—premising that if those Saints whom he especially names are to be taken as fair representatives, there must be a rather queer lot of them. "Oh, sainted Malachy, shall not the bones of your M'Manus rest beside you? Oh! blessed St. Lawrence O'Toole, were you to-day alive, would you deny Terence Bellew a night's rest before the lamps of your sanctuary? Oh, Ireland! Ireland! my country! my country! how art thou fallen! When shalt thou rise? Is this thy act? If not, speak out; dare to speak it, Ireland!"

We confess we have no accurate information as to the history of Saint O'Toole, and the exact grounds of his canonization; but we may venture to doubt whether even the departed M'Manus would appreciate at a very high rate the privilege of a night's lodging at the shrine of that Saint. We may next expect to hear of St. Lucius O'Trigger! But if these thrilling accents, and others still more intense, cannot but move the heart even of a cold Saxon to a tearful pity, how much more deeply must a tender and sensitive Saint have been affected! Imagine the commotion in Jarlath's fane, when it became known with what contumely a martyr to patriotism had been treated! At this point of the story we, too, were rather inclined to condole with the rejected M'Manus and his disappointed followers. We were about to suggest whether, until matters had been settled with a "churlish, sycophantic" Archbishop, something temporary in the way of obsequies might not be effected in a Protestant cemetery. Better to lie amicably side by side with an heretical Saxon, than to occupy the mechanic's lecture-room till the church had been brought to see the unpatriotic error of its ways—a very indefinite period! More attentive consideration, however, sufficed to show that, however niggardly the priests might be of their religious ceremonials, no power on earth could prevent the secular celebration and solemn entombment of the martyr. In fact, the obsequies were shortly afterwards performed in a highly successful manner. The funeral procession, especially out of Dublin, was most significant, all the details of it being arranged so as to captivate the fancy of the beholders. There were bands of music, distinguished citizens, and richly-caparisoned horses, a long array of cabs and outside cars, while a prodigious crowd of the poorer classes in decent scarfs and hat-bands—some of them, however, walking "rather unsteadily," with pipes in their mouths—brought up the rear. Nor must an old blind harper, clad in mystical bardic-smockfrock, pass unmentioned. As he followed in the wake and touched the discordant strings of his lyre, visions of the future glories of a liberated Ireland doubtless flashed through his prophetic soul! What copious floods of eloquence were shed over the grave at Glasnevin may well be imagined. Patrick Lavelle, P.P., said—"It was a glorious day, symbolic of the resurrection of the Irish nation." The chairman of the American Committee announced that "the Irish in America had tested the feeling of the Irish at home by disinterring the corpse of M'Manus, and bringing it across the American continent and over the Atlantic; and if the Irish at home had refused to honour his remains, they had resolved to give them up as a *doomed race*." A very desolating threat. With such and similar "funeral orations," the body of M'Manus was at length put safely underground. Never, perhaps, have the obsequies of a poor mortal man been profaned by such a miserable display of false, affected sentiment expressed in melodramatic, inflated language. The only historical precedent—and it is a significant and complimentary one—for this translation of the relics of a saint from America to his native soil, is that of Tom Paine's bones by the pious care of the late Mr. William Cobbett. Never has blatant patriotism presented itself in a more unfavourable light.

We have reluctantly recurred to the history of the mock-rebellion of 1848, compelled to do so by the inconceivable absurdity of this latest exhibition of Celtic humour. We are not so unjust, however, as to suppose that any number of the educated classes in Ireland have taken part in it, or that Terence Bellew M'Manus was ever really an object of transcendent admiration to any one. We rather believe that the same principle which induces an Irishman, panting for a row, to go into a fair, and, if a quarrel cannot be otherwise effected, to trail his coat along the ground, defiantly challenging each passer-by to tread upon it, has been at work on the present occasion. Moved by a similar pugnacious impulse, they have trailed the imported bones of M'Manus over the country. "We should like just to see anybody who will tell us that our Terence was not a great man." Being of a peaceable disposition, we do not propose to trample upon the remotest border of the garment. But we would just quietly remind the friends of M'Manus, that they have, after all, dealt very treacherously with him. Had it not been for their ill-timed folly, M'Manus might have slipped unnoticed out of the world. They, by their absurd conduct, have revived the memory of occurrences, if insignificant, yet not the less to be condemned, and have made him for a moment an object of most unenviable notoriety. We trust that we shall hear no more of him or them.

MR. LEATHAM AT BARNESLEY.

THERE are few more curious departments of medical science than the study of those diseases which are not continuous, but recur at fixed intervals of time. The subject is by no means exhausted yet. Considerable attention has been devoted to the fevers which return at intervals of a few days, and to the hallucinations which, it used to be thought, recur at the end of every month. But sufficient attention has not been paid to a combination of fever and hallucination, which it appears to be the peculiar property of the lengthening winter evenings to superinduce. The victims to this disease enjoy an absolute exemption from it between the 31st of January and the 12th of August in every year; and even till the close of October the cases of it are few in number, and generally mild in character. But during the three winter months it shows itself in all its virulence. The un-

happy patient takes up again the delusions just where he had dropped them on the 31st of January—is feverish with terrors that failed to disturb him for a single hour during the summer—and cannot refrain from giving vent to his diseased imaginations on every public opportunity that presents itself. At first, his friends are alarmed at the vehemence of his expressions, and the extravagance of his views, and fear that he may be hurried into some rash act. But the experience of a few winters reassures them. They know that, as certainly as the 1st of February comes round, the dark cloud that hangs over his soul will float away. He will utterly forget the delusions of the winter, and be a sane man again.

"Financial Reformers" is the title by which the victims of this malady designate themselves. Their peculiar hallucination is that this country is rapidly being ruined by the causeless extravagance of its rulers. If they maintained it at all times and in all places, and especially in those places where it could be usefully urged, it might, however erroneous, take rank as a political conviction. But Financial Reform is the reverse of the dormouse, and has no vitality except in the winter months. It hibernates during the summer. While the session of Parliament continues, it reposes in a condition of placid torpor from the platform fatigues of the recess. It is only charitable, therefore, to suppose that some change steals over its champions as soon as January is over. If their abiding convictions bore anything resembling a proportion to the vehemence of their winter harangues, the subject would at least assume the character of an important Parliamentary question. It would beget speeches, motions, debates, divisions. They would not flinch from explaining to the House of Commons the kind of retrenchment which they desired, and the grounds upon which they urged it. Mr. Leatham, for instance, who was so eloquent at Barnsley the other day, if he had been of the same mind last spring, would surely have had something to say upon the Army and Navy Estimates. He would not have passed them silently at the beck of the Minister, but would have recorded the apprehensions which he expresses in such strong terms, in the form of a definite amendment. If Financial Reform is a matter of so much moment now, it cannot have been so absolutely insignificant nine months ago. If his language were the fruit of genuine convictions, he would have lost no opportunity of pressing them upon the Legislature. Mr. Cobden did not carry Free-trade, Lord John Russell did not carry Reform, by merely starting it on platforms. But it is not a conviction—it is only a craze of what the doctors would call an intermittent type. This is just the sharpest moment of the paroxysm. Next February the fit will have passed away, and Mr. Leatham will think of his November enthusiasm with a smile. When the defensive Estimates are asked for, he will not dream of disturbing the harmony of the evening by motions or speeches for retrenchment. As soon as they are moved, the Financial Reformers will adjourn to the smoking-room in a body, and leave the drudgery of watching Supply to half-pay colonels and yellow admirals.

Of course there is always a convenience in fighting one's battles on one's own dunghill. It is much pleasanter to denounce legislative enormities anywhere rather than in the presence of the Legislature itself. At Barnsley, Mr. Leatham spoke to an audience of artisans, to whom a suggestion of fewer taxes could never come amiss; and "the rest of the evening," we are told, "was devoted to a concert which was very successful." At St. Stephen's he would have to speak before an audience who know that there are greater evils in the world even than heavy taxes, and the rest of the evening would be partly devoted to the less harmonious entertainment of exposing his figures and theories. In the House of Commons, the wholesome terror of a reply would have shackled his free choice of arguments. He would not have ventured, for instance, to say in one breath that the expenditure upon armaments was needless, and in the next that "there are indications of the approach of one of those great periodical tempests which involve the whole civilized world." Probably he would not have ventured to suggest any where but before the unquestioning audience of a Mechanics' Institute, that breaches of the public law of Europe do not concern this country, because the subjects of them are "an island in the Mediterranean, or a petty province on the Rhine." The celebrated excuse of the proverbial young woman—"Please, sir, it's only a little one," would evidently have commanded Mr. Leatham's fullest sympathy. It must be remembered, however, in his behalf, that he was placed in circumstances calculated to confuse an inexperienced orator. If, on the one hand, a freedom from the danger of a reply would tempt him to carelessness, on the other hand anything like ardour must have been seriously damped by the recollection that his audience had assembled in a musical frame of mind, and that he was only, as it were, an interpolation in the midst of an instrumental entertainment. An orator cannot put forth all his powers when he feels that his hearers are in a humour to judge of him only as an inferior bassoon or an ill-strung sort of fiddle, and are all the time longing for the band to strike up. It must be very difficult to make a political speech from the middle of an orchestra. At the same time, the people of Barnsley are practical people, and it must be confessed that the arrangement has its advantages. The great difficulty of a lecture-room in the present day is generally to induce the lecturer to stop when his audience have had enough. All the politer forms of interruption, coughs, grunts, shuffles, are lost upon the callous ears of a hardened

performer. But the idea of combining a lecture and a concert, and so bringing an orchestra to bear, is the conception of a master mind. Two or three bars upon an impatient fiddle would bring up all standing the most inveterate prosers that ever slapped a desk.

Mr. Leatham did not deal largely in figures; but the only calculation he did employ is based upon an oversight which he would do wisely to correct before he reproduces it on any occasion in which his retreat is not covered by a successful concert. He tells his audience that twenty millions is the estimated loss to the country of a bad corn crop, and that the same sum represents the rise in our expenditure above the model year 1853. Therefore, he infers that our increased expenditure every year is just as ruinous to the country as if we had a succession of bad corn crops. This is not an uncommon fallacy amongst a certain class of declaimers; but it is one into which Mr. Leatham should not have fallen. Warlike expenditure is, no doubt, unproductive expenditure. But does it therefore follow that it is, to its full extent, a subtraction from the resources of the country? This could only be if all the private expenditure of which it takes the place were productive. Part of it is of course productive. When men invest their money in making railways, draining land, setting up manufacturing plant, they increase the nation's producing power; and so far as taxation checks that expenditure, it impoverishes the nation permanently. But a vast mass of money is spent in mere luxuries, which, under the pressure of taxation, men may forego without any loss at all beyond the temporary inconvenience. So far as the nation's wealth is concerned, it is absolutely indifferent whether a man spends his money in giving dinners, or hands it over to the Government to spend in making Armstrong guns. The only question is, which kind of expenditure do high taxes tend to check? Do men restrict their investments or their hospitalities, when they find taxation press them heavily? The condition of the money market will furnish the best answer. The abundance of capital is an irrefragable proof that at present there is no scarcity of money to be invested, but that it exceeds the opportunities of investing it. As far as we have at present gone, there is no trace of the national loss which Mr. Leatham attributes to our expenditure on our armaments. It pinches individuals; it effects a certain disturbance in trade; and, if continued too long, it would be replete with political danger; but the idea that it can be compared to the dead loss which a bad corn crop inflicts is a mere chimera. On the other hand, it must always be borne in mind that no conceivable expenditure would ruin the nation half so rapidly as a wide-spread impression among the commercial classes that she was likely to be invaded and was incapable of repelling invasion. The symptoms of the approach of such a panic have been traceable more than once, but it was promptly appeased by the energetic measures of the Government. A glance at the price-lists of the various foreign funds should convince the blindest votary of a calico millennium that a sense of security has a palpable money value. And so long as human nature is weak, and is not generally endowed with that instinctive trust in the Napoleonic race which is the privilege of a gifted few, so long that security can only be attained by ample and effective armaments.

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS.

THE death of Sir Howard Douglas has followed within a few months of the cessation of his labours as a writer upon gunnery and fortification. It is only eighteen months ago that he published a new and improved edition of his standard work on naval gunnery. It is less than a year ago that he published a postscript to that work, in which he discussed with great ability and extensive knowledge the question of the utility of iron-plated ships. When that same question was considered in the early part of the present year by the Institution of Naval Architects, the business of the meeting was commenced by the reading of a paper which Sir Howard Douglas had transmitted to it on finding himself unable to attend personally, as he had hoped to do. These proofs of intellectual vigour and of continued devotion to the study of his life were exhibited by Sir Howard Douglas when near the completion of his eighty-fifth year. His attention was still alive to every fact that had any connexion with the science of artillery or ship-building, and he was still able and willing to use the pen himself to record the facts which he observed, and urge the arguments which he founded on them. But about six months ago a severe illness compelled him to lay aside his favourite studies, and at the earnest entreaty of his family he promised in future to abstain from them. Henceforward he no longer noticed the results of experiments with rifled cannon. The progress and anticipated performances of the iron-plated fleet had now no interest for him. He ceased to make additions in manuscript to the *Naval Gunnery*; and we believe that he contemplated disposing of the copyright of all his works, so as to remove the temptation to return to studies which his medical advisers deemed injurious. It was hoped that a life of unwearied industry might merge towards its end into one of happy and well-earned repose. But this was not to be. As often happens, the cessation of labour was quickly followed by the failure of vital strength. After completing the eighty-fifth year of a life full of activity, of important public service, and of deserved trust and honour, Sir Howard Douglas is now numbered with the dead.

It is, perhaps, rather surprising that the foundation of our present system of naval gunnery should have been laid by a military officer. But although Sir Howard Douglas was by profession a soldier, he was by early association and taste a sailor. His father is well known in naval history as having been the flag-captain of Admiral Rodney when he gained his great victory over the French. The profession of the father was to have been the son's, but that father died while his family were still young, and the offer of a commission for the son in the scientific department of the army could not be prudently declined. Thus Sir Howard Douglas became a soldier whose strongest sympathy was with the navy, and thus, whenever duty sent him across the ocean, he seized the opportunity of studying all the details of the service in which he felt a lifelong interest. We believe that he was fully competent to do duty on board a man-of-war, and that on one occasion he did actually take command of a vessel that was equipped in Canada. At any rate, he knew quite enough of naval service to perceive clearly the defects to which our disasters in the American war were due, and to propose, and ultimately to carry into effect, a remedy. In the controversies in which Sir Howard Douglas became engaged, the taunt was sometimes used against him that he was venturing beyond his province, and talking of things which he did not understand. But this reproach was utterly inapplicable. He never treated any naval subject without showing that he was completely master of it—as, indeed, from early association and continued study and practice he could not fail to be. The British navy owes to him a system of instruction in gunnery which promises to make such disasters as those of the American war impossible. That system was devised and submitted to the Admiralty within a short time after the defeats of several British ships had drawn the author's attention to the surprising fact that the gunnery of all European fleets had been deteriorating during twenty years of war. His system was adopted, and has been in operation ever since, and whatever improvements may be made in cannon, it may be truly said that the hands which are to use them skilfully have been instructed by Sir Howard Douglas.

The progress of real improvement in what we may call the machinery of warfare is impeded by the difficulty of combining mature judgment with flexibility of mental habit. The country is in perpetual danger between headlong innovators on the one hand, and tardy veterans on the other. Haste squanders time and money, while delay may perhaps imperil national honour. It is, we think, the highest praise that can be bestowed upon Sir Howard Douglas to say, as we may say with truth, that his treatment of new inventions held the just medium between rashness and timidity. His mind knew no preference either for novelty or antiquity. Throughout the greater part of his life he had anticipated the general rate of progress in military science, and the improvements which have of late years been so much discussed were welcomed by him rather as being an advance towards his own standard of perfection than a step beyond it. The vulgar notion of a general of fourscore years clinging fondly to Brown Bess, and predicting failure to every proposal for improved projectiles, is the exact opposite of the figure which Sir Howard Douglas makes in the pages of his own book. The chapter in the last edition of the *Naval Gunnery* which treats of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns must have been written somewhere about eighteen months ago. It appears to us a model of fairness, of caution, and of enlightened and comprehensive treatment of inventions which—so far as they were inventions—came into existence after the author had lived nearly eighty years. The instances are very few of minds which retain at such an advanced age the youth, freshness, and accessibility to new ideas which were manifested by Sir Howard Douglas. Even on subjects where his opinion inclined against proposed innovations, he always earnestly insisted on full and fair experiment as the only satisfactory solution of the practical questions which occurred to his cautious and far-reaching intellect. We believe that every important trial made with artillery against iron-plates up to the publication of the last edition of the *Naval Gunnery* has been duly recorded and considered in the chapter which discusses the value of iron as a defence to ships and forts. Upon all proposals submitted to him which had any pretension at all to scientific notice, Sir Howard Douglas gave the same advice, "Try it." Sometimes, indeed, he advised trial on a moderate scale before the Department which consulted him should rush into a large outlay upon the actual employment of some invention of which he doubted the practical utility. His advice was in some instances adopted, and in others overborne for a time by clamour without the walls of the military departments, acting on ignorance and timidity within. At the outset of the Crimean war, Ministers and journalists were full of irrepressible exultation in the great properties of the Lancaster gun, by which we were to reach the Russians where the Russians could not reach us. This feeling prevailed so widely that the public seriously expected to see all former military experience set aside, and to hear of British fleets successfully assailing strong and well-armed fortresses by the help of this surprising gun. But Sir Howard Douglas formed a just estimate of the value of the invention of which almost everybody else was boasting, and he communicated his opinion to the authorities in time to have prevented, if they had heeded it, a considerable sacrifice of credit and of money. It may perhaps be thought that, in the recent controversy which the *Warrior* is now engaged in illustrating, the line taken by Sir Howard Douglas was not such as to entitle him to the full

amount of confidence which he had before enjoyed. But indeed the sum of his advice upon this subject had been simply this:—"Build one ship, and try her thoroughly; and if she answers, build a fleet after her pattern, or a better one; but do not build a whole fleet and postpone the trial until after the country has been committed to a vast expense." Even on this, the latest professional subject which occupied his attention, the practical instinct of the real soldier determined the advice he gave. Whatever might be his own estimate of the services to be rendered by iron-plated ships in war, he saw plainly that, as the French were building them, we must build them also.

As Sir Howard Douglas inherited a baronetcy, the highest class of the Order of the Bath was almost the only honour to which he could aspire, and this he most worthily achieved. His career has been long, various, and useful; and perhaps there was no veteran of the great war to whom the present generation, both of soldiers and sailors, owed more respect and gratitude than to Sir Howard Douglas. He furnishes an example of high professional distinction attained by sedulous mental culture throughout a long life, which the scientific portion of the British army will do well to keep constantly in mind.

REVIEWS.

THE BATHS OF THE CONTINENT.*

THE only unpleasant reflections suggested by this amusing book, which is half a guide-book and half a work of imagination, are those provoked by its language about great people of a certain sort. There is said to be a style known to English upholsterers as the sham Louis Quatorze. Parts of *Baigneuses et Buveurs d'Eau* are in the sham Louis Quatorze of literature. Its references to the Emperor of the French, and to everybody connected with him, conduct us to the lowest abysses of flunkeyism. Dangeau spoke in much the same strain of the great King in which M. Braine speaks of Napoleon III. and his Court; but then Dangeau believed in the monarch he wrote about, while no credulity can possibly persuade itself that M. Braine really believes the Emperor to have performed a work of genius when his Majesty ordered his Majesty's Minister of Finance to pay the expense of a new bathing-room, or that he is genuinely of opinion that M. Morny is a paragon of disinterested patriotism and Colonel Fleury a hero. English readers of French books are not yet prepared for these evidences of the encroachments of Imperialism on literature. We lag a good deal behind the pace at which French intellect moves. We are still under the impression that Guizot, Villemain, Thiers, Lamartine, and Hugo are the great writers of the day; and these eminent men supply us with our type of French literary genius. Unhappily, however, there are men, and clever men, writing at the present moment, who show not one trace of the influences which the authors of twenty or thirty years since might be supposed to have stamped on the minds of the generation immediately succeeding them. There is as much brilliancy as ever, but all the manliness and love of justice which political liberty was slowly fostering are evidently crumbling away as the leaven of slavery works gradually into the mass.

It may seem precipitate in us to judge the mind of France by what is, after all, not much more than a guide-book; but the work before us is the production of a man of considerable talent, and in the particulars we have noticed it resembles fifty other volumes which are issuing monthly from the press. Excluding its Imperialism, it is excessively pleasant reading. It takes all the principal German and French bathing-places in turn, and describes the nature and humours of the life which their frequenters lead. Characteristically enough, it says little or nothing of their healing virtues. The immense majority of visitors belonging to the nation which includes M. Braine, come to the baths simply to be amused. The crowds of French people which make their way towards the Taunus or the Pyrenees every summer have rarely an ailment to complain of. They migrate from Paris simply because Paris is too hot. Country-life is extremely in fashion in France, but not all the force of fashion can make the *vie de château* tolerable to a Frenchman unless the *château* is crammed full of people to an extent which French fortunes rarely permit. A great portion of the Parisian fashionable world is thus carried by its natural gregariousness to places where it can reproduce the life of Paris as closely as circumstances allow. According to M. Braine, the conditions of thorough attractiveness in a watering-place are coolness and a gaming-table. Thus Baden-Baden with its embowering woods, and Hombourg with its high plateau, will always carry off the palm from the Pyrenean baths, where the breezes are refreshing but punting is not permitted, and from Ems or Wiesbaden, where you can play but cannot help being hot. Saline, sulphurous, or chalybeate waters M. Braine speaks of with impartial irony. He has a story of a doctor at one of these baths who always tells his patients that if they get up at six in the morning, walk for two hours before breakfast, and drink a tumbler of the medicinal spring, they are sure to be well. "I should think so," says M. Braine, with the air of a sybarite who would as soon dream of committing suicide as of leaving his bed before eleven.

* *Baigneuses et Buveurs d'Eau*. Par Charles Braine. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs. 1861.

Much of *Baigneuses et Buveurs d'Eau* is pure fiction. M. Brainne's stories of personal adventure may safely be set down as entirely fabulous. They all take the unpleasant turn which is common with the anecdotes of his countrymen, and there is one little tale about an English lady which is calculated to make an Englishman's toe quiver in his boot. The most interesting parts of the volume are perhaps the accounts which the author has collected of bath-life at these places two or three centuries ago. It is curious that all the Continental baths, like those of our own country, seem to have passed through an interval of obscurity succeeding a period of celebrity and fashion. The times when Lord Somers's colleagues hurried down to Tunbridge Wells to find him "with his head reeling from the first draughts of the chalybeate spring," and when Lord Chatham journeyed to "the Bath," with six horses and outriders, have been followed in England by an almost complete desertion of the mineral waters. The German and French baths appear to have lost their vogue for a while in the same way. Crowded as they now are with crowned and coronetted personages, they have most of them entertained a still more distinguished company in former centuries. Spa, in Belgium, the oldest of all watering-places, and the one which has given them all a name, not to speak of its supposed renown in the Roman world, has more than once had its neutrality expressly guaranteed by convention during some of the most destructive wars which have ravaged Europe; but afterwards (it is now greatly reviving) it was almost entirely deserted. Even those baths in Nassau, of which the author of the famous *Bubbles from the Brunnen* evidently considered himself as much the discoverer as if he had penetrated the North-West Passage, were, in the last century and that preceding, the constant resort of the Northern Sovereigns. Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, which, comparatively recently, were almost as infamous for their dullness and desolation as they were famous for the virtues of their waters, used to be filled with German princes a hundred years ago. M. Brainne has a curious extract from an account of Schwalbach, given by a young Frenchman in the days of its more ancient celebrity. The august visitors seem to have been in a position pretty nearly the reverse of that which is occupied by their successors when they retreat to Ems, Wiesbaden, Vichy, or Carlsbad. Instead of descending for a few weeks into the modesty and familiarity of middle-class life, they appear to have had the expense of entertaining all the company of lower degree. The French narrator tells us that sixty or eighty people dined every day at the table of the great people, and intimates that a good many of the frequenters of the baths went there for no other malady than a craving after the dainties of these Royal feasts. The Prince of Tour and Taxis used to bring an opera company with him to Schwalbach, and the Prince of Nassau Weilbourg paid the expenses of a concert and ball every two days. The German sovereigns, writes the chronicler—and he evidently relates something extraordinary in monarchical France—are absolute masters of their subjects, and are in the habit of seizing the children of peasants and having them educated as musicians, sending some of them into Italy to be trained into singers with the cruelty which is said to have been last practised in the dominions of the Pope and by the servants of his Holiness. The Princes of Germany, we are further told, were particularly fond of providing for their own natural children by enlisting them among their musicians. The chief attraction of Schwalbach was, however, the play. It was extremely high, but ladies of rank were, by a particular privilege, allowed to stake only a few pence while the gentlemen were playing for gold. If one of these ladies quitted the table for a while, she left her place and her stakes to some gentleman in attendance on her, who continued to exercise her privilege of playing *petit jeu*. The advantage of standing as substitute for a great lady seems to have been greatly coveted. The chronicler's remarks on it are most characteristic of his nationality:—"Le cavalier qui a dans la main la bourse d'une de ces dames peut se divertir et goûter d'un véritable plaisir, ayant la satisfaction en jouant très petit jeu, d'examiner les grimaces et les contorsions de ceux qui jouent gros jeu et qui perdent des sommes considérables. Je n'ai jamais goûté de plaisir plus sensible que lorsque je me suis trouvé dans un tel poste."

M. Brainne, as we have said, regards the baths of his own country and of Germany exclusively as places of amusement, and is careless or incredulous of their healing properties. It is, however, this last point which chiefly interests our countrymen, who, in yearly-increasing numbers, are discovering that there are waters in the Taunus and the Eifel better than all the doctors' shops in England. There is no doubt, however, that more widely-diffused knowledge of the virtues of the foreign springs is greatly to be desired, both among the English public and English medical practitioners. The comparative ignorance of the wonderful powers of these great restoratives which prevails among us appears to arise from two causes—the great inferiority of the English sources which supply us with our type of medicinal waters, and the great superiority of English physicians in the art of healing. It is the boast of the English medical profession that, though physiology and pathology may be more advanced in other countries, healing, which is the ultimate aim of all physic, is more steadily pursued and more frequently consummated in England than in any other part of Europe. There is very likely to be some truth in this assertion, but no one who has had any experience of foreign physicians can doubt that their less extensive command of artificial remedial instrumentalities is to be ex-

plained, if it exists, by the potent auxiliaries in nature to which they are in the habit of appealing. A French or German doctor rarely relies on himself for the treatment of a chronic disease. He trusts his patient, with the utmost confidence, to the "waters;" and a great part of his professional knowledge consists in the most minute discrimination of one spring from another, and the clearest appreciation of the malady which each is fitted to relieve. English physicians are, as yet, insufficiently equipped with this branch of knowledge; and some remarkable mistakes which one or two of them have recently made, by sending invalids of mark and note to the wrong bath, and in some cases too late for benefit, have much discredited them with the members of their profession on the Continent. Unrivalled as is the hygienic skill of the English physician, he is not justified in neglecting the powerful means of healing which, imperfectly represented in his own country, are found abroad in the highest perfection. No prescription can bring out of the druggists' drawers a remedy as cunningly mixed as that which Nature has prepared. This is a truth which some of the heretical schools of medicine are discovering; and their resort to it may give them a real advantage over the orthodox practitioner.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.*

IT is quite consistent with our notion of the Napier family that one member of it should compile the history of another in two large volumes. It never seems to occur to any scion of this gifted race that the public can possibly hear too much of the Napiers, either alive or dead. The public, indeed, has been very much disposed to take them at their own estimate, and if there can be any inducement to read the whole of the two volumes which now lie before us, it must, we think, be curiosity to discover what there was in the actions or character of Sir Charles Napier to generate the excessive confidence which was felt in his capacity as an admiral. By a strange sort of fascination which appears to belong to the name of Napier, a belief was produced at the outbreak of the Russian war that an ill-manned, ill-disciplined fleet would, by some stroke of its commander's genius, contrive to defeat and destroy our enemies in the Baltic, although to common apprehension those enemies seemed to be quite out of our reach. The precept, first to catch your game and then to cook it, might be very suitable for ordinary admirals, but the genius of a Napier could afford to despise such humdrum methods. Accordingly, in the spring of 1854, the Baltic fleet sailed amid the cheers of patriotic dinner-tables and the vaunts of an unreflecting press. Here and there a cautious observer may have noted that the ships were few and seamens scarce amid their crews, while the experience of officers, as well as the supply of shells, was on a peace establishment. It might reasonably be expected that a consciousness of similar deficiencies would keep the Russian fleet in port under the shelter of their heavily armed granite batteries, which were at all times equally prepared for war. A British admiral, under such circumstances, might have been well content to imitate his predecessors in the command of Baltic fleets in former years, and a British public might have been well content to see its ships return unharmed after maintaining an effectual blockade until the ice relieved them in that duty. But, with a Napier in command, it was expected that something preternatural would occur. To choose a good position for his fleet, to exercise his numerous raw hands, to keep on good terms with his French allies, to make the most of small opportunities for success, to secure British commerce from depredation, and to bring his ships safe home—it was not unnaturally felt by naval Lords of the Admiralty that even they could have done all these things; and they looked upon a Napier who had done no more as little better than an impostor. And yet it is simply true that Sir Charles Napier did his duty as Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic fleet, and neither more nor less. If he had not contrived, while doing his duty, to make himself disagreeable to his employers, the world would have been spared much trouble. Ministers of State would have escaped the perusal of voluminous letters from the aggrieved Admiral, the House of Commons would not have had to listen to his bickerings with Sir James Graham, and we should ourselves have been exempted from the necessity of trying to find out, by the study of Sir Charles Napier's *Life and Correspondence*, what on earth all this bother was about. It is true that, when the winter of 1854 was closing in, and Sebastopol remained untaken, the discontent which prevailed at home was aggravated by the failure of chimerical expectations in the Baltic. If, at that time, Sir Charles Napier had been a favourite instead of the exact contrary at the Admiralty, it is possible that the temptation to throw him over might not have prevailed over the instinct of fair play. But, indeed, the temptation was very strong. It was so easy to mitigate clamour by hinting that the Baltic failure was due to the incompetence of a commander who had outlived his reputation. The Admiralty, at any rate, had a full right at the end of the campaign to order Sir Charles Napier to haul down his flag, and by doing this and saying nothing the desired effect would have been produced. The public might be easily persuaded that next year, under a new commander, the British fleet would positively destroy Cronstadt, and when the next year should have

* *The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B.* From Personal Recollections, Letters, and Official Documents. By Major-General Elers Napier. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

passed without result, there would be time enough to consider how this fresh disappointment was to be explained. If Sir Charles Napier had made friends at the Admiralty, they might perhaps have stood by him, or they might not; but it was to be expected that the enemies he had made there would unhesitatingly abandon him to save themselves. We are of opinion that the chief defect of Sir Charles Napier as a commander was that he could not command himself.

The Baltic campaign of 1854 exhibits Sir Charles Napier's faults of temper, and it also raises against the Admiralty the graver imputation of a want of judgment and of firmness. In tracing the history of this campaign, it is to be noticed, in the first place, that the equipment and despatch of the Baltic fleet, small and weak as that fleet at the outset was, left the British shores without protection. It was, therefore, the Admiral's first object to enclose all the Russian offensive power within the Baltic, and in this he entirely succeeded. This duty, we admit, was not very difficult, and there were several other officers who would have done it quite as well as Sir Charles Napier, although the newspapers were not engaged in propagating a belief in their invincibility. It is to be noticed further that the British ships were in general very inefficiently manned. The first ships that were commissioned got a few trained seamen, and those which came later into the market got next to none. We find a Lord of the Admiralty hinting to Sir Charles Napier that it would be well to enlist, in a quiet way, such Swedes and Norwegians as might offer themselves. Then, again, the fleet numbered some very fine ships, but was totally unprovided with gun boats, small vessels of light draft, and mortar vessels—that is to say, it was entirely without the means of attempting any offensive operation on the shallow Baltic shores. We do not blame the Admiralty or anybody else because vessels of these classes were not ready in the spring of 1854. Amid the hurry and confusion of the change from peace to war, it was quite enough to do to get to sea a fleet which might secure our own coasts and commerce. This fleet, too, whatever might have been its strength and discipline, was safely navigated through the Great Belt, and anchored at Kiel, on the Danish coast, by the 27th March—that is, long before the gales and fogs of the northern winter were fairly over. This step proved, at any rate, that somebody in the fleet possessed nerve and judgment. In May, we find Sir Charles writing to the Admiralty a letter of which the sense is excellent, although the style perhaps is rather too abrupt:—

Their lordships may depend I shall go to the upper part of the Gulf of Finland when I can; but I must have a sufficient force off Sweaborg, where there are eight or nine sail of the line; and then I must have force enough to take care of twenty sail of the line, besides frigates and steamers, in Cronstadt. How this is to be done with twenty sail of the line, some of which are perfectly unfit to go into action, I really don't know; but all that can be done I will do.

It is proper to remark upon this passage, that a large part of the British fleet were steamers, while the Russians had not a single screw-liner. We note this fact in justice to a brave enemy, and will only add to it that the British steam-power could not make the Russians fight if they had not a mind to fight.

In the same month Sir William Napier wrote from England to his cousin thus:—"My notion of your operations is, that if you get plenty of good gunboats you will be able to do something by crossing the shallows about their great works, and so getting at them behind; but more than that, I fear, will not be." We take this to be a perfectly sound military opinion of a distinguished soldier, and it is enough to add to it that Sir Charles Napier never had but one gunboat under his command, and that one came out in the middle of September. When the French fleet had arrived, the two commanders made a careful examination of Sweaborg, and concluded that without gunboats and mortar vessels an attack on it would be perfectly impracticable. An attack on Cronstadt appeared even more hopeless. The only feasible project was to take Bomarsund, for which purpose the French insisted on bringing out 10,000 troops. Sir Charles Napier murmured at the delay, and pointed out that this force was too large for Bomarsund and too small for Sweaborg. However, the troops and stores did at length arrive, and Bomarsund was scientifically besieged, taken, and destroyed. The press at home made the most of this success, and rightly, for it was destined to be the only one of the campaign. The Admiralty at this time acquiesced in Sir Charles Napier's conclusion, and even urged upon him the paramount duty of being prudent; but at the same time, they wrote to him about using diving-bells and steam-dredges to remove the obstructions of the Russian harbours; upon which plans Sir Charles remarked that they might perhaps succeed, "if the Russians would only allow them to be carried out." On the 28th of August, he expressed what appears to have been a well-founded judgment, that no great exploit could be performed that year. "It is becoming too late here. The navigation is very intricate." The same opinion prevailed at home; and on the very next day Sir James Graham wrote about concerting measures with the French "for the gradual withdrawal of the fleet from the Baltic." He said that the sailing three-deckers, the least weatherly of the sailing two-deckers, and the slowest and worst of the block-ships, should be sent home "without much delay." Sir Charles Napier, however, wished to do something more, and proposed to attack Abo, but the French declined to enter into this plan, thinking the risk to their ships and troops too great from the heavy gales, which were becoming frequent. The French General pre-

pared to return home, but before departing, he went to examine Sweaborg, accompanied by General Niel and General Jones. The latter, on his return, made a report that an erroneous opinion had been formed of the strength of Sweaborg, and that he thought it might be attacked with a prospect of success by a heavy bombardment by land and sea, and by employing five thousand troops, with heavy batteries of guns and mortars, and large rockets. This report was submitted to the French General before the departure of the troops, and he wrote to Sir Charles Napier on September 2nd, that the plan of combined operations of the fleet and army appeared to himself and to the French Admiral, at that dangerous season of the year, impossible. General Niel disapproved of General Jones' plan of landing five thousand troops, and he expressed his own opinion that, with the fleets alone, the fortifications of Sweaborg might be made untenable in less than two hours; but he added, that ships were very complicated machines, and very easy to set on fire, that the attempt would be hazardous and unprecedented, and that it did not belong to him to recommend it. This opinion was, in effect, that the ships might disable the forts if the forts did not destroy the ships. It appears to have had no practical importance, and it produced no effect whatever on the decision of the British and French admirals. The French General went home, and on September 12th a naval council of war resolved that, "in consequence of the advanced season of the year, nothing could be undertaken against Sweaborg, or any fortified part of the coast of Russia, with a chance of success, with the resources at present at our disposition."

About the middle of September, the French fleet departed, and left the British in a very unsafe position, awaiting orders to follow its allies. But these orders were delayed, apparently because the Admiralty feared the senseless outcry which would arise at home if the Baltic fleet should return without having achieved any great success. Just at this moment of vacillation, the false report of the taking of Sebastopol reached England, and besides causing innumerable other follies, it seems to have deluded the Admiralty into the notion that it would be easy, while our hand was in, to destroy another Russian fortress, by another grand example of vigour and audacity. Accordingly, a despatch was written on October 4th to Sir Charles Napier, suggesting an attack on Sweaborg on some fine day towards the end of the month, when it was thought that Cronstadt would be frozen and the Russian fleet blocked up, while Sweaborg would still be open for the British fleet to sail in and batter it without fear of any enemy in the rear. Thus the attack was to be made more than a month after the allied admirals had determined, apparently with the concurrence of the authorities at home, that the season for operations was even then almost spent. Within a week it became known that Sebastopol was not taken, and either that disappointment or some other influence recalled the Admiralty to common sense, and the Baltic fleet was ordered home. Meantime, Sir Charles Napier had disregarded the absurd despatch, but he could not resist the temptation of sending an answer to it. He wrote what his biographer would call "a straightforward letter" to the Board, which was more than the Board could stand. On the arrival of the fleet in England, Sir Charles Napier was ordered to haul down his flag. Thus the Board punished him for his disrespectful language, and at the same time contrived to insinuate that he was to blame in having failed to realize all the extravagant expectations of the British public. The fact was that he had done all that could be done. He had secured our commerce, had disciplined our fleet, and had brought it back safe from service in a dangerous sea, begun in one winter and protracted needlessly into another. If he had been patient and reticent, he might have commanded the Baltic fleet next year with at least as much credit as his successor. But if he chose to indulge himself in the luxury of "writing a tickler to Graham," it was inevitable that he should pay the price of it. There needed not two volumes of biography to convince us that Sir Charles Napier did his duty well, but that he could neither perform miracles nor avoid offending a Board of Admiralty which was so foolish as to ask him to attempt them.

THE AMERICAN UNION.*

THE literary results of the great American difficulty are multiplying fast. The paper conflict on this side of the Atlantic is at least as hearty, and a great deal more active, than the military struggle on the other. It must be admitted that the Northerners are much doughtier knights with their pens than with their swords. In America, their victories are confined to those apocryphal encounters in which a Northern brigadier fights for a whole day, kills more than half the enemy, loses no men of his own, captures their guns, routs them with fearful slaughter, and yet is always obliged, by some inexplicable fatality, to "retire in good order," after all. But in England they have hitherto been victors in every engagement. No literary champion of the South has appeared who is at all a match for such writers as Motley and Olmsted. To a great extent, of course, this is the result of the blockade. Mr. De Bow could probably write as spirited a pamphlet as any of his antagonists; but the wings of his winged words are

* *The American Union: its Effects on National Character and Policy; with an Inquiry into Secession as a Constitutional Right, and the Causes of the Disruption.* By J. Spence. London: Bentley. 1861.

clipped. The most prominent English advocate who has appeared upon this side is Mr. Lempriere; but intemperance of language and a disregard of English feelings have made his advocacy worse than useless. No Southern pleader who wishes to win a verdict at the bar of English opinion must venture to betray any sympathy for slavery. Mr. Spence is a champion of a far higher order. His style, though occasionally tainted with the bombast of the people whose institutions he discusses, is forcible and temperate. And he is likely to succeed with English readers, because all his views are taken from a thoroughly English standpoint. He deserves gratitude for having cleared the controversy of one collateral issue which of late has perplexed it a good deal. He is careful to draw the distinction that exists between recognising the Southern States as *de facto* independent, and forcibly raising the blockade. The first is a step which we shall be bound to take as soon as the Southern States have achieved for their independence that amount of security with which we have been satisfied in former cases. Forcibly raising the blockade is a far more serious measure. It would involve the terrible responsibility of a spontaneous declaration of war against the United States, and will hardly commend itself to English statesmen, except under the pressure of far more trying calamities than any that have opened on us at present.

The two questions which Mr. Spence examines are, whether the South were right in trying to leave the Union, and whether they are likely to succeed. Upon this latter question there is not much real difference of opinion in this country; and whatever our opinions are, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the *a priori* grounds of speculations which, even while we are framing them, are being put to the test of fact. The former is open to more controversy. We are decidedly of opinion that Mr. Spence fails, spite of much ingenuity, in making good any legal justification for the revolt. He relies a great deal on the example of other States—Massachusetts for instance, which has four several times threatened to secede. Her own misdeeds may estop the reproaches of Massachusetts, if the grace of shame be left to her; but it cannot alter the legal aspect of the case. Again, he lays great stress on the special reservations that were made of the sovereign rights of the States at the Revolution. Every right not parted with is expressly reserved to each State by the Federal Constitution, and all the States in their Constitutions claim for the people the inalienable right to alter, reform, or totally change their Governments. But this is mere special pleading. It is obvious that, in agreeing to unite into one nation, one of the first rights resigned by every State was the right to live apart. The common sense, as well as the strictly legal view of the question, obviously is, that when two parties have covenanted with each other to act towards each other in a certain specified manner, neither can recede from those covenants, except with the consent of the other. On the moral question Mr. Spence is more convincing. That "treason," if based on an adequate grievance, is not necessarily wrong, is an axiom which the North, with much inward groaning, is compelled by its own history to admit. Mr. Spence makes out a very fair list of grievances. There is no doubt that the Southerners have been driven into Secession more by the threats and transparent aims of their political antagonists than by the wrong they had actually suffered. The Protectionism of the North had been a grievous burden to them ever since 1823. But the grievance did not seem intolerable until Pennsylvania had been bought off by a promise of the extravagant protection which has since been conferred by the Morrill Tariff. As soon as the victory of the united North made it evident that this or any other financial absurdity could be carried by main force, the South thought it was time to make a struggle for commercial liberty before the fetters should be riveted hard and fast. The assertion that the protective tariffs were responsible for a large share of the Southern discontent has been a good deal contested by Northern advocates, who, in England at least, are anxious to associate the quarrel with slavery as exclusively as they can. But no one will give much credit to their denial who has watched the varying conduct of the different States with the Federal tariff by his side. In the tobacco, rice, and cotton States, secession was accepted with enthusiasm—that is to say, South Carolina and Alabama took the lead among the southernmost States, and Virginia among the Border States. Upon them the tariff pressed with uncompensated severity. But Louisiana, considering her position and her eminently anti-Yankee population, hesitated surprisingly at first. The reason was that the tariffs gave some protection to her sugar. The Southern sympathies of Kentucky and Missouri, again, have been very lukewarm, though both are slaveholding States upon a considerable scale. The truth is that the hemp of Kentucky and the lead of Missouri are protected by the Federal tariff, and are likely to be exposed to rude competition by the Free-trade system of the Confederates. Mr. Spence exposes in considerable detail the grotesque absurdities of the celebrated piece of legislation which purchased the ill-omened desertion of Pennsylvania. The account he gives of its ultimate passing is curious. Even in America, the commercial world might have arrested its passage, so clumsily was it drawn up, if it had been fairly proposed and fully discussed. But it is a specimen of the results of the ingenious machinery of "log-rolling." The Morrill tariff is included in an "Act to provide for the payment of outstanding notes, to authorize a loan," &c. In fact, it was a Budget in one Bill, such as we have lately adopted in England. The consequence was that it combined in its defence all who were interested in any portion of the Bill.

"Roll my log, neighbour, and I'll roll yours," is the simple policy on which the system rests. But its true excellences are not displayed unless it is combined with the stratagem called "rushing." This admirable *otio* of legislation was not introduced till quite the close of the session. The opposition was strong, and might have been fatal to the tariff alone; but the financial measures combined with it were absolutely necessary for the carrying on of the Government, and it was too late to recast the Bill; and the votes influenced by this consideration sufficed to give it a majority. The case admirably displays the advantages of combining a mass of financial measures in one Bill.

In regard to the slavery question, it is still more true that the Southerners were stimulated to insurrection rather by their fears than by actual wrongs endured. Yet their fears were no unsubstantial phantoms. We in England, who have seen but little of Abolitionist literature, have a difficulty in entering into their feelings of exasperation on this head. It must be carefully remembered that, by the common consent of all calm observers, however deeply impressed with the evils of slavery, sudden emancipation is impracticable. It would merely renew the frightful horrors of the Haytian revolt. And it must also be remembered that the Abolitionists have pressed for sudden emancipation with all the exaggeration of invective of which American eloquence is capable. These men, when it suited them, the Republican party thought fit to encourage. Helper's book—which urged immediate uncompensated abolition, and loaded the Southerners with every insult that the utmost license of language could suggest—was circulated with the written recommendation of Messrs. Seward and Sherman, and many others of their party, two or three years ago. A passage or two out of this book may perhaps help to explain the condition of mind which led the Southerners into the tremendous conflict which they have challenged:—

Frown, sirs, fret, foam, prepare your weapons, strike, threaten, shoot, stab, bring on civil war, dissolve the Union, nay, annihilate the solar system if you will—do all this, more, less, worse, better—anything; do what you will, sirs, you can neither foil nor intimidate us; our purpose is as fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven. We have determined to abolish slavery, and, so help us God! abolish it we will. . . . Compensation to slave-owners for negroes! Preposterous idea! the suggestion is criminal, the demand unjust, wicked, monstrous, damnable. Shall we pat the bloodhounds for the sake of doing them a favour? Shall we see the curs of slavery to make them rich at our expense? Pay those whelps for the privilege of converting them into decent, honest, upright men?

Setting aside the irritation which such language and sundry other amenities of the kind would naturally arouse, the promulgation of such a book in such a manner must have suggested to every Southerner serious reflections upon his own political prospects. Sudden emancipation, in his belief, and in that of most competent judges, meant not only ruin, but domestic dishonour, and fearful massacre. And yet a book recommending this terrible measure, and that in language breathing a ferocity of hatred that would shrink from no consequences, however awful, had been recommended by the published signatures of sixty-eight members of Congress, with Messrs. Seward and Sherman, the leaders of the Republican party, at their head. These were the views sanctioned by them spontaneously, and with a free heart, under no special political pressure. Were they to be outweighed by a few fair words flung out at election time to catch stray votes? After such a declaration as that, the Southerners had scarcely any choice but to secede when they saw Mr. Seward and his friends borne aloft by a powerful majority to the head of public affairs. He had declared war on them, not they on him. He had, in effect, pledged himself that his "purpose, fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven," was to pass the measure which to them involved utter ruin in the first instance, and all the bloody horrors of a servile war in the second. And now he had gained the power to make his menace good. We may deny the legality of their resistance; we cannot modify our detestation of the peculiar institution which has brought them to this pass; but it is difficult to blame them for an act which, placed as they were, was dictated by the mere instinct of self-preservation. It is probably true that Mr. Seward was insincere when he recommended this incendiary book, and that he is much more honest now, when he is offering every possible guarantee to the "bloodhounds," and straining every nerve to restore the Constitution which makes the negro's prison-house co-extensive with the territory of the Union. But a politician who habitually says what he does not mean must not be surprised if his most vehement protestations are coldly listened to when he accidentally stumbles into truth for the first time.

BERLEPSCH ON THE ALPS.*

THIS is a very interesting volume, on a very interesting subject. It contains a series of sketches of the chief features of Alpine scenery, a chronicle of the chief exploits of Alpine adventurers, and a delineation of the ordinary life and pursuits of Alpine mountaineers. To write a good book on such a subject demands a combination of very various qualities. The writer must, in the first place, really know his subject. He must be familiar with the Alps, not only as they present themselves to the summer tourist, but as they appear in the lonely months of

* *The Alps; or, Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains.* By H. Berlepsch. Translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen, M.A. London: Longmans. 1861.

winter and when early spring is loosening the bands of the frost, and bringing on the imposing spectacle of a general disruption and destruction. To understand Alpine life, it is necessary to know not only landlords and guides, and the dwellers in the snug villages of the valleys, but to have held a long and friendly intercourse with the shepherds, and goatherds, and hay-cutters, and timber-fellers, who earn their bread in the distant uplands and the solitary recesses of the mountains. The endless differences of *patois* which separate the inhabitants of French, German, and Italian Switzerland would alone operate as a most serious obstacle to doing this thoroughly; and that the writer of this book is able to speak so easily and confidently as he does of the dwellers in remote valleys, at great distances from each other, testifies to the patience and industry with which he has carried on his researches. So far as knowledge goes, M. Berlepsch seems to us all that could be wished. Secondly, the writer of such a book must have the art of putting what he knows so as to be intelligible and entertaining. Most English readers know just enough about the Alps to wish to have the simplest things explained to them. They feel an interest in the scenery through which they have hurried, but if a book on the Alps is really to please them, it must take for granted that they know nothing about the mountains. It must not be above explaining what avalanches are, and why they fall, how glaciers are formed, and what is the use of preserving forests on mountain sides. On the other hand, we do not like to have too much detail, and cannot stand any of the parade of science. Here, also, M. Berlepsch shines. His sketches are lively, very comprehensible, and never too long; and the credit due to him on this score is greatly enhanced by the fact that he is a German. Lastly, mountain sketches must be touched off with a certain degree of enthusiasm and poetical fervour. We do not desire huge blocks of word-painting and testimonials to the glory of nature; but the Alps are a poetical subject, and a description of them must be in keeping. On the whole, M. Berlepsch does pretty well here. He has the great merit of never going on too long with his rhapsodies, and if there are bits of nonsense here and there, we see that he is generally giving expression to what he honestly feels, and we pardon much to a lover of nature who does his best for us, who is not a poet, and who is a German. Occasionally, however, there are passages as unmeaning and absurd as the following commentary on a chestnut tree. "It is an Epos, an Odyssey of the world of trees, bold and absorbing as a harmony of Palestrina, rising jubilantly, like the hallelujah in Handel's Messiah." This is mere raving. There is not a gleam of sense in calling a chestnut tree an Odyssey. It would mean exactly as much to call it an epigram or a hexameter. But M. Berlepsch seldom abandons himself so recklessly to fine writing, and on the whole his poetical composition is about as good as that which adorns the journal of a romantic Englishwoman. It has a general cast that makes it seem appropriate to the writer, and not very inappropriate to the scenery, and this is as much as we can expect. Taken altogether, therefore, the book is one of very considerable merit and interest; and it ought to be added, that it is illustrated with a series of very effective and spirited woodcuts.

The translator, Mr. Stephen, whose exploits in the Alps are well known to all English mountaineers, and who has rendered his author with great clearness and care, has a ground of complaint against M. Berlepsch, which is characteristic of the different mode in which Germans and English go up mountains. He is indignant at the exaggeration with which he thinks M. Berlepsch paints the difficulties of Alpine climbing. M. Berlepsch represents it as an awful risk of life and limb, an enterprise of solemn responsibility and self-sacrifice, only justifiable because it is indispensable to science that mountains should be explored. Mr. Stephen considers this pure humbug. In his view, the difficulty of going up a mountain is a pure question of training, and the object of going up a mountain is to have the fun of going up. He even thinks it his duty to expose the hypocrisy of his scientific friends, and to declare that they really care very little about science, and principally go to the highest Alpine peaks in order to use and harden their muscles. Probably there is some truth in both of these views of Alpine adventure. It is quite true that the enterprise is its own reward to those who like it, and that its lawfulness stands exactly upon the same basis as the lawfulness of foxhunting. A man may easily break his neck in either pursuit, but he justifies the risk by showing that the bodily and mental good which he certainly receives if he escapes outweighs the chance of possible evil. On the other hand, it must be owned that there is much of fashion and of unreflecting habit in all these things, and that the fame of Alpine exploits decoys many people into running risks without their receiving any benefit whatever, whereas a scientific purpose would do much to justify or reward them. As to the reputation of Alpine adventures, we learn from this volume how purely it is confined to the nation of the successful climber. In M. Berlepsch's narratives, all the people who get to the top of difficult heights are Germans; or, if Englishmen are mentioned, they are taken up and guided by the German heroes of the expedition. In Mr. Stephen's notes, Germans never do anything, and the English alone succeed. This only shows that many more Alpine feats are performed than are recorded. We think, however, that we may trust general Alpine repute for the superiority of English adventurers. Perhaps the guides who tell us that none but the English are fit to go to mountain-tops tell

the Germans that a man must have come from Munich or Dresden to have the real turn for crossing glaciers. But there are facts which speak for themselves. In this book, M. Berlepsch pronounces the Weisshorn to be probably inaccessible, and despairs of the northern peak of the Shreckhörner being ascended. Mr. Stephen has the satisfaction of telling him, in a note, that this year he himself has been up this northern peak, and that Professor Tyndall has reached the summit of the Weisshorn.

The sketches in this volume may be classed in four groups. The first treats of the formation of the Alpine range, the second of its vegetation, the third, of the more remarkable phenomena seen there at different periods of the year, and the last, of the way of living of the mountaineers. The geology of the Alps, erratic blocks, the beds of conglomerate masses composed of stones not now found in the district, and especially the causes and appearances of landslips, are treated with brevity, clearness, and force; and the terrific effects of landslips are illustrated by a full and very interesting account of the awful autumn evening at the beginning of this century, when a large portion of the Rossberg slid down bodily on to the devoted village of Goldau, near the Lake of Lucerne. The description of Alpine vegetation takes in the Ban forests, the solitary firs, the creeping firs, the Alpine roses, and lastly the *Odysseys* on the Italian slopes. Perhaps the chapter on the Ban forests is the best in the book. These are the primeval forests, untouched by the hand of man, which the wisdom of the dwellers in the mountains has preserved under the sanction of a solemn "ban," in order to check the fall of the huge stones that roll down the sides of steep mountains, and to prevent the slipping away, under the action of the atmosphere, of the soil with which the mountain is covered. Stone deluges are some of the most dreadful calamities which an Alpine village has to fear, and no means of warding off the visitation is so effectual as that of letting the fir bind together the soil with its tenacious roots. There is much melancholy grandeur, though of a monotonous kind, in the grey moss-grown patriarchs of the forest, heaped together in unexplored confusion, and sometimes piled trunk on trunk by the devastating sweep of an avalanche. As M. Berlepsch says, in his enthusiastic way, and in a sudden access of not unendurable fine writing, "Like broken matches, the split grey mouldering dead bones of the forest lie round. It is the battle-field of an avalanche which the spring sends down as a thundering kiss to his children; close by is the path which it followed. The old pale rotting stems which its embrace killed, mark the way down which the traces of its snowy garment slid." Nor is M. Berlepsch less full of a divine fervour when he comes to painting the Wettertanne—the solitary firs which shoot up in the bleak heights above the line of the forests. This kind of fir, we read, "might be called a martyr of trees, if it had more of the passive element in it. But he is a cross-grained fellow; there is none like him; he shoves his head viciously through every hindrance and chicanery, and though wounded a hundred times in his innermost life-nerves, stricken almost to death, still he fights his way up with irresistible power of vitality—a noble fellow, full to the brim of energy manly and inflexible, a character in whom every honourable man must take pleasure." Our readers may be glad to know that this description is accompanied by an excellent woodcut, which helps to leave a distinct impression on the memory.

Avalanches and glaciers have been so often described that M. Berlepsch can only carry us over old ground, and it is much to his praise that he does this without permitting our interest in his book to be relaxed. The chapter on Alpine summits is full of newer matter, for it records the exploits of Germans, and of those Englishmen who are taken up by Germans—beings utterly unknown in England, and more monstrous than anthropophagi. It is here that he is rebuked by the constant footnotes of his translator, who stops him short in his most harrowing descriptions to tell him that a little training would have got rid of all the difficulties. Among the grand phenomena of destruction there is one described by M. Berlepsch which is, we should suppose, less familiar to Englishmen than avalanches. This is the *rûfe*—a stream of stones, and sand, and mud, which is set in motion by a sudden thunder shower, or fall of rain. "It has not the wild foaming appearance of a swollen mountain stream, breaking down over thousand cascades; it is a thick, black, slimy mass, which moves with ponderous speed, with rough rumbling haste." It breaks forth without previous warning, "a roaring monster, a stormy sea of stones, the product of the wildest powers. The watery river of slime overwhelms and pushes before it heaps of *débris*, stories in height, constantly tumbling over, and as constantly rebuilt." There is also an interesting chapter in this part of the book, in which the author sketches the appearance of familiar mountain-passes in the depths of winter. The innumerable travellers who cross the St. Gothard or the Simplon in the middle of summer must wonder, as they enter the horrid wilds which form the higher portion of the pass, how men can live there in winter, and how communication can be kept open. M. Berlepsch explains all that has to be done in order that the two worlds of Switzerland and Italy may not be lost to each other for half the year. He questions whether the hardest of the dwellers on the lower slopes could stand the work to be performed by the *cantoniers* who keep open the more important passes. After a heavy fall of snow, a company of these men is divided into two parties; the first plunges with a team of oxen into the snow, and by degrees, as they plunge and stamp,

a faint track is made along the mountain. The second party then follows, and turns this track into a wider and more even road. The snow-covered portion of the path is, of course, crossed by travellers in sleighs, and those who have shuddered at the rapidity with which a carriage is guided down the zig-zags will hear with a sort of terror that these sleighs often do more, for they cut off the zig-zags and go diagonally down the mountain-side. They may, however, be glad to hear that some precaution is taken. No glass is allowed; the windows are closed with wooden shutters, and so, when the sleigh is overturned they need not be afraid of cutting their fingers and faces with the glass.

M. Berlepsch has the sense to describe his mountain friends as they are, and not to invest them with Arcadian virtues. They are an ignorant, obstinate, grasping, rough lot, with a compensatory boldness and hardihood. The only positive thing to their credit which we gather from the description of their life is that they do not drink. This is apparently due to their not liking to spend the money, which is a very sensible reason. The pleasures of their lives are very few, according to the ordinary English notion. It is unnecessary to say that they are insensible to the beauties of nature, and carry their tolerance or love of the extremest filth into their dwellings in the highest mountains; so that scarcely any way of living could be less romantic. The healthy condition of body produced by constant exercise and exposure is a gain, so long as health lasts; but old age comes early, and is generally anticipated by chronic disease. If, however, it is not very pleasant to be an Alpine mountaineer, it is pleasant to read about those who lead a life so unlike our own; and probably no part of M. Berlepsch's book will be more popular than that in which he describes, with the fullness and exactitude of long acquaintance, the existence of these humble people.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH'S REMINISCENCES.*

WE do not wonder that this little volume of a gossiping septuagenarian's recollections has gone into a third edition. Few things are more entertaining than the anecdotes about men and things in the London of the last generation, which Mr. Smith's intimate acquaintance with nearly all the artistic and theatrical celebrities of his time enabled him to accumulate. Already favourably known as an agreeable biographical writer, Mr. Smith was induced to prepare for posthumous publication a collection of such "ana" from his journals or his memory as he had not been able to introduce into any of his more formal works. This he called a *Salmagundi*; and he continued to add ingredients to the savoury mixture until within a week or two of his death. The last date in this volume is 1833, and the author, who kept his appointment in the British Museum to the last, died on the 8th of March in that year.

All books of this sort, though they seldom lose their essential interest and piquancy, require, as time goes on, more and more explanatory annotation. Thirty years ago, the majority of Mr. Smith's allusions were intelligible to most of his readers; but another generation has grown up, to which many of the people whom he mentions and many of the things and places which he describes are altogether unknown. We do not find that the reviser of the present edition has taken any pains to remedy this. The explanatory notes are very few indeed, and almost all of them are due to the original author. There is no index at all. Readers have some right to complain that an edition printed in the year 1861 assumes an intimate knowledge of the London life and London topography of sixty years ago. A man may well be pardoned for not remembering anything about Governor Wall, or why he was hanged, or for not knowing whereabouts was the site of the famous Cuper's Gardens.

Perhaps the most curious reminiscences in the volume before us relate to the growth of London. The author was born in 1766, and first saw the light in a hackney coach. His parents lived in Great Portland-street, Marylebone, which was then almost in the country. When he was six years old, he used to accompany his mother early every morning to a farm-house about half a mile off to drink fresh milk. An irregular lane between fields and hedges led from Portland Chapel to the New Road, where was a turnstile. They used to return home by the back of the then famous Marylebone Gardens, across Harley Fields, where Whitfield used to preach, and through Cavendish-square, which was then on the very outskirts of the town. There was a very large farm where Osna-burg-street now begins, and eight or ten large hayricks used to stand there in a row. At that time the Church of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields had only recently been surrounded by buildings; and six small almshouses stood in the very middle of High-street. North-west of Russell-square was a large farm, occupied by two very eccentric old maiden sisters, named Capper. A few straggling houses flanked the northern part of Tottenham Court-road. Hanway-street was a place for fashionable shops, and Rathbone-place was tenanted by people of wealth and station. Whitfield's Chapel had been built in 1754 on the site of a large pond which was called the Little Sea. Windmill-street, just beyond it, was recommended for lodgings to invalids by physicians for the sake of its pure country air. Northward there was an open extent of fields, with numerous turnstiles; and the pipes of the New River

Company were carried on long props, six or eight feet high, beneath which watercresses used to grow abundantly.

Those who were tempted to visit the scene of the late railway accident in the Kentish Town fields will have found that London has now very nearly stretched itself two miles further in that direction to the very foot of the Highgate and Hampstead hills. On one side of a kind of lane there may be seen the fields and hedges of the rising ground; and on the other the indescribable squalor of the advancing town. Unpaved roads, half-finished carcasses of houses, planted promiscuously, as they say, intercepted drains polluting the air, heaps of rubbish of every kind, all mixed up with patches of market gardens and watercress beds—these are the repulsive but characteristic features of the furthest outskirts of modern London. The great city, in fact, has at last nearly reached its natural limit northwards, and it will be curious to see whether it will climb the barrier of those undulating hills which, as Dr. Pauli says, in his interesting chapter on Medieval London, in his *Pictures of Old England*, form the boundary of that broad "river bed of a former age" that was destined to become the suitable seat for the largest city of the world.

But little more than a century ago, the "Daily Journal" would inform the public that So and So had "arrived in London from his country-house in Mary-bone." Our present anecdotist recalls the humble little village church of St. Mary-le-bone, and describes the famous academy opposite to it, kept by Mr. Fountayne, in the remaining part of the palace where foreign ambassadors used to be entertained in the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, when they hunted in Mary-le-bone Park. He tells us also of the gardens and cottages which he remembers to the north of Oxford-street, and of the rope-walk between two magnificent rows of elms which occupied the site of the present workhouse belonging to the parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden. It used to be the almost universal custom, a century ago, for every substantial citizen to have a small flower-garden, with a summer-house, somewhere in the suburbs, to which he and his friends would resort on Sunday afternoons to smoke their pipes and drink tea. This is no longer common; the reason being that the town is too large for such gardens to be any longer easily accessible, while the value of land near London has also increased vastly. The modern correlative of this old custom is to be found partly in excursion trains, but chiefly in the host of taxed carts which may be seen every fine Sunday carrying the smaller tradesmen and their families out of town to some suburban or rural house of entertainment. It is impossible to turn over the leaves of this volume without being struck with the important place which the Thames occupied in a Londoner's mind, as a source of pleasure and amusement, so late as fifty years ago. We perpetually light on passages telling us, incidentally, that the houses commanding a view of the river were favourite places of residence; and boats from the several stairs seem to have been in as constant use as cabs are now. It would be curious to know the exact time when the penny steamboats and the growing pollution of the river combined to make the London waterman almost an extinct animal. Perhaps the genus will revive when the river shall have regained the right to be called the silver Thames—a happy consummation which, Mr. Tite tells us, in his recent address to the Institute of Architects, we may hope to witness as a consequence of the Main Drainage works, in about a year and a half from this time.

One consequence of the prodigious growth of London is that it is scarcely possible any longer for any one to gain a general notoriety in its streets, even for some very marked eccentricity. The area is so extended, and the population is so vast, that individual peculiarities are no longer "the talk of the town," but are only observed in their own immediate neighbourhoods. That very phrase, "the town," which was so common a periphrasis for public opinion in the mouths of our forefathers, is now seldom or never heard in that sense. But in the early part of this century, any one who was "a character" was pretty sure to be known by sight to the great majority of Londoners. Mr. Smith, for instance, assumes that every one will know all about "Rosy Emma," the "reputed spouse of the Yeoman of the Haite," who in her youth was said to have been as beautiful as Nelson's Lady Hamilton; and in the same way "Copper Holmes" the waterman, "Sir" Harry Dimsdale the muffin-man, Miss Banks (the sister of Sir Joseph), and a multitude of other eccentric people, are spoken of as though their persons and their peculiarities were known to the whole of London.

The editor who has revised this volume has not even been at the pains to inform modern readers who the author was. One is left to find out from scattered notices in the text, that John Thomas Smith—"Nollekens" Smith, as he is sometimes called by way of distinction—was the son of a sculptor, and that he had himself worked as a draughtsman and an engraver before he obtained his post in the British Museum. His profession brought him into contact with most of the leading artists of his day. He sat as the model for St. John in West's picture of the Last Supper, in St. George's, Windsor. He frequented the studio of Nollekens, whose biographer he afterwards became; and, after he had been refused as an apprentice by the famous Bartolozzi, he was taken as a pupil, at half price, by Sherwin, the fashionable portrait painter. "Here," he says, "I saw all the beautiful women of the day; and being considered a lively lad, I was noticed by several of them. Here I received a kiss from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson." And accordingly he details at great length this agreeable reminiscence. Later in life, Lady Hamilton fainted in

* *A Book for a Rainy Day; or, Recollections of the Events of the Years 1766-1833.* By John Thomas Smith, late Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum; Author of "Nollekens and his Times," &c. Third Edition, Revised. London: Bentley. 1861.

his arms, when he showed her his etching of Nelson's funeral. "Believe me, reader," he says, "her mouth was equal to any production of Greek sculpture I have yet seen." Those who remember Romney's portraits of her will be inclined to doubt the truth of that unsavoury description of this famous beauty, with which the recent publication of Mrs. St. George's Diary has astonished the world. As Sherwin's assistant it fell to our author to arrange the shutters for the light and shade of that artist's portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Grecian Daughter. Among other persons whom he describes from personal acquaintance, are Towneley, who collected the marbles known by his name in the British Museum, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Flaxman, and Blake, the visionary. There are graphic sketches also of Gough, the antiquary; Wodhull, the translator of Euripides; the testy John Carter, of Gothic fame; and, among players, of Garrick, Bannister, and Mrs. Abington. He is often very happy in describing the outward man of his contemporaries—a faculty which he owed, perhaps, to his power as a mimic and a caricaturist. He seems to have had a sharp eye for costume. He chronicles, for example, the fashions of the ladies' dress of his time; and he is careful to commemorate, as the last man who wore a cocked-hat and ruffles, the physician, Dr. Burgess, of Mortimer-street, whom Gilray caricatured walking on tip-toe; and he notices, also, the last men who wore the three-cornered hat called "the Cumberland cock." One of these was Alderman Boydell, who rose every morning at five o'clock, and went to sluice his head at the pump in Ironmonger-lane, hanging his wig, meanwhile, upon the ball at the top. Wigs, by the way, are a very favourite subject of discourse with our author, who denies that the "busby" had anything to do with the famous master of Westminster School. He derives the word from "buzz," meaning a frizzled and bushy wig, and reminds us that the old schoolmaster—if we may trust his portrait—always wore a close skull-cap. Those who witnessed the capital impersonation of Dr. Busby, in the Epilogue to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, in the last Westminster Play, will recognise the truth of this. A letter from Flaxman, in 1799, records that great artist's appreciation of the Gothic painting and sculpture brought to light in St. Stephen's Chapel, when Wyatt cut away the side walls to make room for extra benches for the accommodation of the Irish members after the Union. And two years later, Mr. Smith describes a visit to Mr. Hussey Delaval's Gothic house, which was fitted up for him by John Carter, in a far purer style than that of Strawberry Hill. This is a curious and little-known anticipation of the recent Gothic revival.

The lovers of anecdotes will find plenty of amusement in this little volume. There are some, for example, about the elephant of Exeter Change; Rowland Hill; the Duke of Roxburgh, who, besides books, collected the portraits of felons and convicts; the blue-stocking Mrs. Carter; Angelica Kaufmann, the Royal Academician; and the gigantic Belzoni, who, years before his Egyptian travels, went about England in a show as "the Young Hercules, alias the Patagonian Samson." It was at Bartholomew Fair that Smith first saw him; and we may here mention that our author gives some very curious information as to many of the pleasure-gardens and places of amusement about London, of which Cremorne is the modern representative. The Bermondsey Spa, which has left its name to the district, is well described, with its eccentric proprietor, Keys, the artist. The Marylebone Gardens, Cupe's Gardens, and the London Spa have disappeared altogether. Our readers will see that this amusing little volume answers well enough to the foolish title which has been given to it—*A Book for a Rainy Day*. We conclude with an extract from a conversation between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, on the wonderful power of the human eye, which is told in a letter by Colonel Phillips, and which has the merit of novelty:—

"Sir," said Sir Joshua, "that divine effect is produced by the parts appertaining to the eye, and not from its globe, as is generally supposed. The skull must be justly proportioned."

Mrs. Cholmondeley—"My dear Sir Joshua, was there nothing in the magic of Garrick's eye—its comicality? The Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Dorset, and young Sheridan have superb eyes; but I don't know what effect they would have on the stage."

Sir Joshua—"Little or none, madam. The great beauty of the Duke of Richmond's eye proceeded from its fine and uncommon colour—dark blue—which would be totally lost on the stage, the light being constantly either too high or too low. Garrick's eye, unaccompanied by the action of his mouth, would not fascinate. When you are near a person—a pretty woman, for instance—and have a good light, the contraction and expansion of the pupilla, which bid defiance to our art, is delightful. It is more perceptible in fine grey and light blue eyes than in any other colour. We, however, cannot deny the majestic look of the Belvedere Apollo, though unassisted by iris, pupil, eyelashes, or colour."

Dr. Johnson—"Sir, a tiger's eye, and, I am told, a snake's, will intimidate birds, so that they will drop from trees for its prey, without using their wings."

After Dr. Johnson had quaffed about twenty-four cups of tea, he gave a blow of considerable length from his mouth, drew his breath, and said, "Sir, I believe you are right; it is but rational to suppose so. I wish that rogue Burke was here."

THE HISTORY OF SCOTTISH POETRY.*

THIS is a work of considerable erudition, yet not in all respects a satisfactory performance. The manuscript came into the hands of Dr. Carlyle in the course of last year, on the death of the author, who is principally known by his *Life of George*

* *The History of Scottish Poetry*. By David Irving, LL.D., Author of the "Life of Buchanan," &c. Edited by John Aitken Carlyle, M.D. With a Memoir and Glossary. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1861.

Buchanan. We may infer from his preface that the editor allows that the subject might have been treated in a more complete and modern form. As it is, we are presented with a history of Scottish poetry commencing with Thomas of Erceledoune, after a preliminary glance at Macpherson's *Ossian*, the cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne, the history of rhyme, and the Romance poetry. The subjects and personages touched upon are so multifarious that it will be impossible within our limits to give anything like a detailed account of the work.

Our principal objection to this book is occasioned by the general tone of prejudiced and defiant nationality which pervades its pages, and which stands somewhat apparent on its very title-page. For certainly, during the later centuries concerning which Dr. Irving treats, there is more division than difference in his distinction between Scotch and English poetry as they are here, page by page, contrasted and opposed. Some of the most eminent Scotch mediæval poets, according to our author's own showing, took as models, and founded their style upon, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower. Why, then, should their Scotch imitators be erected into a separate school of poetry, merely for a difference in the dialect they spoke? We are supposing an extreme case, but we should be doubtless surprised to find announced the *Poetry of the Midland Counties* or the *Literature of East Anglia*; yet, could the dormant patriotism of those communities be only roused to the adequate pitch, they might no doubt establish a very fair case for separate and independent literary nationalities on the score of original difference in race and present discrepancies in dialectic provincialisms. However, this point of "dialect" is a most notable and sore one with our author. No American of the present day could more strenuously advocate his country's standard of linguistic purity. So pedantically pure is he that his title-page, "The History of Scottish"—not Scottish—"Poetry," opens a whole chapter of philological controversy. Listen to Dr. Irving's lament over the disastrous effects of the Union:—

It was yet an unavoidable consequence of such a union that the poorer country should in some respects be treated like a conquered province rather than an independent State. Its ancient capital, being deserted by the Court, subsided to the level of a provincial city, and was deprived of many of those incitements which influence literary exertion. The language spoken by Wallace and Bruce, by Buchanan and Napier, having ceased to be the language of courtiers, began to be considered as a provincial dialect.

However, lest we should enjoy a brutal triumph here in England over the subsequent prostration of Scottish literature, let us listen to another passage, and feel humbled. Speaking of the interval between the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VIII.:—

When England produced only obscure versifiers, Scotland could boast of King James, Henry the Minstrel, Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, Lindsay, and various other writers of genius.

It is a little too bad, considering how much most of these poets owed to Chaucer, to fix an arbitrary interval as soon as he was dead, and then exult over the literary destitution of England. Chaucer was probably a Londoner, so that a Middlesex patriot of the present day might, if he chose, make the most disparaging reflections on the rest of the kingdom during the fourteenth century. We may, however, congratulate ourselves that Chaucer is still left us with his English domicile untouched; for the seven cities scrambling for Homer do not surpass our author's avidity in claiming Alexander Barclay, known by his *Ship of Fools*, as a native of Scotland, on somewhat slender evidence.

Having touched upon the strong national bias of this work, we next pass to the question how best a history of poetry, if such a thing be practicable, ought to be written. We conceive that the present work is much more a series of lives of Scottish poets than what its title professes to be. In the first place, the smaller anonymous fragments, and the important class of Scottish ballad poetry, are, as far as we can discover, almost entirely unrepresented. These latter pieces bear the most genuine and legitimate impress of nationality, since nationality is required—such ballads being the true and spontaneous growth of the soil, of the century, of the country. The Ballads of Scotland ought to be separated from those of England. But what is the radical and essential difference between the idyllic efforts of a Scot who imitated Chaucer, and those of an Englishman similarly engaged? The question how to write a history of the poetry of a nation or period cannot be adjudicated off-hand, but we are inclined to think that the recently published *Golden Treasury* of Mr. Palgrave proceeds more nearly in the right direction towards such an undertaking than the more voluminous volume now before us.

The cleverest, and certainly also the most readable, portions of this work are short summaries of the principal metrical stories and subjects, abstracted with considerable humour and a flowing, easy pen. Dr. Irving could thoroughly appreciate the ludicrous geographical confusions, the marvellous jumbles of classicism and chivalry, current in such romances. As in Gavin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*, the Cumæan Sibyl, as a nun, admonishes Æneas, the Trojan Baron, to persevere in counting his beads, so, in the *King's Quair*, composed by James I., during his English captivity, Minerva gravely quotes the book of *Ecclesiastes*. Mercury is portrayed by Henryson as—

Doctour in phisick cled in skarlot gown.

The following biographical sketch of Orpheus is perhaps unequalled in its way:—

Orfeo was a King,
In England an heighe lording,

His fader was comen of King Pluto,
And his moder of "quene" Juno,
That sum time were as godies yheid.

* * * * *
This King sojourn'd in Traciens,
That was a cité of noble defens;
For Winchester was cleped the
Traciens, with outen no.

Winton, in his *Scotch Chronicle*, has alluded to an enterprising attempt of John Barbour's to establish a "propyr" genealogy from Ninus to the Scottish monarchy:—

This Ninus had a sone alsua,
Sere Dardane lord of Frygga.
Fra quham Barbere sutely
Had made a propyr genealogy
Tyl Robert our secownd Kyng
That Scotland had in governing.

Here is an enumeration of theatrical properties which is quaint in the extreme:—

Ane Kingis crowne, ane myter, ane fulis hude, ane sceptour, ane pair angell wyngis, twa angell hair, &c.

Sir David Lindsay's *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*, given by our author as the earliest specimen of the genuine Scottish drama, presents us with an intense allegory, in which all virtues, vices, and attributes generally strut about in bewildering intricacy. At length Dissait and Falset are, happily for all parties, to be executed. Dissait, in the stage direction, is to be drawn up in person, "or ellis his figour." Falset, in his deputy for the time being, is not allowed to escape so easily, "heir sal be heisit up, and not his figour, and an craw or ane kne sal be castin up, as it war his saull." Our author gives us some curious specimens of Puritan versions, in which the "tunes and tenour of many profane ballads were turned in godlie songs and hymns." The consequent effect is extremely *bizarre*, not to say profane.

When Dr. Irving goes into first principles or generalities, poetical or otherwise, his observations are not invariably of the newest order; nor can we absolve his volume from a considerable amount of dryness. For this we are disposed to make less allowance, as it is principally occasioned by somewhat pedantic and ultra-classical digressions from the main subject in hand. Our author possessed, doubtless, a considerable fund of miscellaneous and abstruse information, such as would naturally accumulate during a life spent for the most part in the vocation of a librarian. He accordingly diverges, upon the slenderest excuse, into small-print notes of alarming erudition and ponderosity, but by the obtrusion of which the history of Scottish poetry is little forwarded or elucidated. For instance, at page 361, we have a note of about sixty lines, with copious extracts from the civil law on the prohibited degrees of marriage. At page 250, we find a co-extensive disquisition, larded with classicism, on the remote antiquity of the habit of swearing, and at page 26, a more voluminous but equally classical treatise on tattooing. These subjects are appended, because the hero of a Scotch poem married, or rather ought to have married, his cousin—because a Scotch poetical Bishop swore during versification—lastly, and this is the most ingenious hanging peg of all, that as many half-civilized communities tattooed without intercommunication, so they wrote similar ballad poetry without imitation. Digressions of this kind cannot fail to damage the readableness of any work. Then Dr. Irving has given us, at page 117, another gratuitous quotation, also in a note, from Weston, to explain how the name *Amazon* is derived from two Persian words *Heme zen*. We can make ample allowance for the author quoted, but gift etymologies must be always looked in the mouth; and his quoter has only exposed himself by mixing Persian philology with Scottish poetry. Could it be shown that *Heme zen* belong to Persian contemporaneous with, or prior to, Homer's *Ἀμαζόνες ἀνδράεσσιν*, well and good; but no Persian words in their modern form can, as a rule, be called older than the late Sassanian period. To attempt to derive ancient Latin words from modern English would be something of an analogous process. The Persian romancers, adopting the Greek legend, of course converted the name into something not dissimilar, which might have the advantage of significance in their own language. Such a mistake as this is not a grave one in itself, but we have noticed it because any derivation at all was perfectly uncalled for here, and thrust in upon us.

We will not complain although our author has flooded us with a dreary mass of poetical quotation conveying only an occasional light to the antiquary, or an incidental hint to the philologist, but not otherwise of general interest or utility. Yet we must claim a right to protest when, after speaking in the highest terms of some very mediocre productions of his poetical compatriots, Dr. Irving is content to dismiss James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, as one "who has commonly been ranked among heroes, and is not without some pretensions to a place among poets." Take the well-known verses composed by him the night before his execution, quoted by our author as "a hyperbolic sentiment of loyalty reduced to verse," and on the genuineness of which he is inclined to cast an imputation:—

Let them bestow on ev'ry airth a limb,
Open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Saviour, in that crimson lake.
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air:
Lord, send thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful once thou'lt recollect my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.

We may not endorse the acts of Montrose as a politician, but we must not therefore depreciate him as a poet. Listen, however, to Dr. Carlyle's very partial defence of James VI., who certainly had considerably less claim than the Marquis either to the heroic or poetic dignity:—

The age to which he belonged was an age of pedantry, and his taste may be supposed to partake of the general infection; but the style of his prose compositions, when compared with the ordinary standard of that period, will not be considered as mean or contemptible. One of his productions most obnoxious to ridicule—namely, the *Demonologie*—contains the current opinions of his own times; and as every age has its peculiar follies, those opinions are not to be censoriously imputed to an individual who shared them with almost all his contemporaries.

We are then regaled with upwards of three hundred lines, in different extracts, of the Royal poet. Our author cannot, indeed, deny that James has generally written very poor stuff in the way of verse. Why, then, inflict so much of it upon the public?

The truth seems to be that, for such a task as our author proposed to himself, it would have been necessary to combine both the characters of an antiquary and a poetical critic. The former qualification we believe Dr. Irving possessed; but in the latter we must express our opinion that he was deficient. His biographical sketches are freely and pleasantly drawn; but in a professed History of Poetry, the poetry is, after all, the main point, and it is only by the most rigorous selection, the most careful contrast and juxtaposition of extracts, that poems may be made to speak for themselves what no amount of comment can tell for them. We are unable to discover the precise extent of the labours of the editor, Dr. Carlyle, but he seems to have executed his portion of the task with discrimination and forbearance.

WILD DAYRELL.*

TO say that *Wild Dayrell* is the worst novel ever published would be an assertion somewhat beyond the scope of our own knowledge, seeing how many bad ones appear annually; but we would unhesitatingly challenge the most diligent novel-reader to name a worse. It is one of a class which is not unfrequently met with in these days, when every one thinks himself capable of writing a novel. A man looks out for some locality or mode of life which has not yet been described at full length, and sets to work to make a novel out of the materials furnished by his own observation of certain scenes, and by the conventional requirements of fiction—such as hero, heroine, an obstacle or two to their union, and one or two drownings, burnings, &c., or narrow escapes from similar accidents. Mr. Kemp fancies that the life of English wanderers on the Continent is not well known to the home public, and, having some personal experience of it, he thinks he can make capital out of his knowledge. He does not stop to consider whether readers will derive either profit or amusement from detailed accounts of gambling at watering-places, especially when, as in this book, the gambling scenes, repeated several times over in almost the same words, have no sort of bearing on the story, such as it is. Nor does it much matter whether the *locus* of a commonplace flirtation be at Pau or at Brighton. Both are equally wearisome in the hands of a writer who lacks all those special powers of observation and description by means of which good writers can make the most ordinary affairs of life amusing. Novelty in the things described is not given to compensate for the indifferent manner in which they are treated. Only once is the hero conducted away from the ordinary resorts of English travellers; and in that once instance, as if to prove how mistaken he has been in the whole plan of his book, the author writes a little better than elsewhere. If he has seen nooks and corners of France which are unknown to the ordinary tourist, and has some slight idea of describing them, why should he write a volume of trash about places which every other man who reads his book knows nearly as well, and is at least equally competent to describe? And yet, bad as the book is, it has one merit. While we acquit the author of possessing any one quality of a good novel-writer, we must do him the justice to say that he does not attempt to preach either vice or virtue. He does not, on the one hand, indulge in moral reflections warranted to suit all incidents; nor does he ever, on the other hand, aspire to the bad eminence of a preacher of immorality. He does not inculcate the duty, under certain circumstances, of dispensing with the sixth or the seventh commandment, nor hold up to admiration any of the various modes of lightening your neighbour's purse which are practised in the blackleg society he seems to know so well. And this is all the more remarkable and praiseworthy, seeing that his hero, whom he obviously regards as a model worthy of imitation, is a selfish rascal who wins the affection of two young ladies in succession without saying a word about his own prospects, ruined by gambling; and that the whole drift of the book is in favour of the creed that man was made to amuse himself. Meanwhile, the narrative fails to amuse the reader; and as the author has declined the office of a preacher, and has consequently left himself nothing to do but to amuse, he must be allowed to have sunk as low in the depths of failure as was possible. Mere amusement is all that many people look for in a novel, and many contrive to find it in books which more fastidious and less fortunate mortals either go to

* *Wild Dayrell: a Biography of a Gentleman Exile.* By John Kemp, Esq., Author of "Shooting and Fishing in Brittany." London: Longmans, 1861.

sleep over or throw away in disgust; but he must indeed be easy to please who can extract any amusement from *Wild Dayrell*.

The plot of the book, if anything so unconnected deserves the name, is as follows. The hero—a scamp named Dayrell, and called Wild Dayrell, after a celebrated race-horse—having lost on the turf more money than he can afford, goes abroad to economize, and at Dieppe meets heiress and heroine number one, to whom he makes love not unsuccessfully. The young lady is removed by her mother to Ems, whither the hero follows her; and she is presently burnt to death, just in time to prevent a quarrel between mamma and the lover, on account of the latter's gambling propensities. After the regular interval which must be passed over in silence somewhere or other in the course of a novel, Dayrell reappears in the South of France, is put through some sporting adventures, and sent to Pau, where he meets heiress and heroine number two. Why the author should have taken the trouble to burn an unoffending girl, we cannot imagine, unless it was to give himself an opportunity of doing a bit of sentimental business; for there is no perceptible difference between Emily, who is burnt at page 200, and Kate, who is sentenced to marry the scapegrace hero at the end of the book. Mamma number two is just like the mother of the earlier heroine—sensible enough to mistrust a handsome adventurer, but not firm enough to resist her daughter's inclinations; and the course of true love, or rather flirtation, runs just as smoothly between the parties—Dayrell in each case superseding at once, and for no particular reason, the lady's other admirers. The only difference is, that in the second case the hero is made to win the mother's favour by an unasked interference in her family affairs which she might well have resented as an impertinence. The last page of the book—which, by the way, contains a gratuitous murder of an unlucky girl who has been so casually introduced into the story that the reader may well have forgotten her existence—brings the parties to the eve of the wedding, and threatens a sequel, in which, perhaps, Kate will be brought to an untimely end before or soon after her marriage, and Dayrell will be sent to loaf about the world again in search of a third lady-love. Mr. Kemp has already, as the title-page informs us, published one or two books about field-sports in France, and it is possible that on these subjects he may be able to write in a readable manner, for the chapters of the present work which are occupied with sporting adventures in the Gironde are the only endurable ones. But he certainly has none of the qualifications of a novel writer, and if he takes our advice, he will consign Wild Dayrell and all the flimsy *dramatis personæ* of whom he speaks so complacently to the limbo of forgetfulness. He will let alone roulette-tables and private hells, of which the less that is written the better, and confine his attention, if he must write, to the sporting matters about which the English public may like to hear.

We were, perhaps, wrong in saying that no amusement is to be derived from reading *Wild Dayrell*; for any one who succeeds in getting through it will find no slight array of blunders to laugh at. French words, which are plentifully sprinkled over the pages, are perpetually misspelt, and that by a man who has spent so much time in France as to have written two or three books from his own experience there. And the Latin—which, if the author did not confess the fact, might easily be seen to come from the Latin Grammar only—is almost equally incorrect. A writer, quoting Byron from memory, might be excused for altering a word, though it is hardly respectful to the public not to have verified the quotation; but when he so alters the line as to give it twelve syllables instead of ten, we cannot doubt that his mind is incapable of accuracy. Men belonging to the great public schools are often in the habit of alluding to the familiar customs and phrases of their boyhood, and talk of the details of their schoolboy life with a fond accuracy of remembrance which goes far towards excusing the prolixity of their talk, and their partiality for old and perhaps mischievous customs; but Mr. Kemp, while he deluges his book with allusions to Winchester—the school which has the high honour of reckoning him among its *alumni*—is so careless or so forgetful that there are almost as many blunders as there are allusions. To give one specimen, not a bit worse than many others less obvious to the general reader—he speaks, in one of the few passages of religious sentimentality without which he would not have exhausted all forms of bad writing, of a sermon preached in Winchester College chapel by Christopher Wordsworth, while the saints looked down from their niches on the performance. One would have thought that any University man would have been sufficiently acquainted with the names of the two Wordsworths not to mistake one brother for the other, even if he had not, like Mr. Kemp, been a pupil of one of them. And where the niches may be from which the saints made their observations—or the saints either—is a mystery for the explanation of which we must wait for the sequel to *Wild Dayrell* with which we are threatened. Curiosity to discover this secret will be the only motive that will ever induce us to open it, if it ever appears. It would be easy to fill columns with similar blunders, or with specimens of bad taste, such as making a quiet and amiable young lady—heroine the first, in fact—say to a story-telling gentleman, “Do your friends call you Mentor or Menteur?” But we will only remark on one or two points in which Mr. Kemp sins in company with better men. He follows the Thackerayan (to use his own elegant adjective) habit of naming minor persons from their characters or personal peculiarities; but he does this, not in the

neat and unobtrusive style of Mr. Thackeray, but in the clumsy manner in which many other writers of far higher pretensions than Mr. Kemp follow the example first set by Fielding. There is really nothing amusing in calling a French girl Mademoiselle Bien-gentil, or talking of Major M'Swindle; but it is worse than silly to give a Frenchman such a name as Blossom. So, again, twice in the book, he is speaking of race-horses; and though he has not to invent more than four or five names, he can find nothing better than Old Gooseberry and Boanerges, which latter he repeats in the second place as if the slight odour of profanity which attached to the use of a Bible name was too agreeable not to be bestowed on the reader as often as possible. Personages who are to appear in two or three scenes and then to be dropped altogether, are introduced with as loud flourish of trumpets and as elaborate characters as if they were to play a very important part; and anecdotes of their past lives, not always of a creditable nature, are told, nominally in order to give a complete idea of the persons mentioned, really perhaps in order to make everything useful that the author can remember. If these tales are true—if, as he professes in the preface, Mr. Kemp is giving a true biography in this disjointed effusion—we trust that, for his own sake, the men whom he describes will not come across him hereafter; for, if they are anything like what he here makes them, they may be inclined to resent the publicity given to their adventures in a somewhat practical way.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE second volume of Dr. Schirrmacher's history of the reign of the Emperor* Frederic the Second has appeared. The elaboration and carefulness with which the task has been performed leave nothing to complain of. Its only conspicuous fault is one that seems weightier to a foreigner than it will probably appear to the author's own countrymen—it is the work of a hearty, thoroughgoing partisan. The declaration with which he starts, that the Emperor Frederic the Second, like Frederic the Great of Prussia, differs from most heroes in that he gains upon closer acquaintance, betrays the spirit of uncompromising patriotism in which the work is written. For at least this deserves to be said in behalf of the great Hohenstaufen Emperor—that an unqualified panegyric of him could be written with much less strain upon the conscience than one of his namesake of the Seven Years' War. In truth, it is no easy matter to draw a perfectly impartial picture of the Emperor. Spite of the six centuries that have elapsed, his career still remains as much a subject of partisan contention as at the moment when the last of his race was murdered. The glory of the infallible Church and of the not less infallible German Empire are equally staked upon the issue of the controversy; and the controversialists on each side are proportionally resolute. The German writers of the present age seem to feel that their Roman antagonists have been masters of the field for so many centuries that it is necessary to make up for lost time by redoubled energy of asseveration. Dr. Schirrmacher certainly appears to be of opinion that nothing is gained by gratuitous admissions. If he were possessed by the transmigrated soul of Hermann of Salza himself, he could not profess a more absolute faith in his hero's impeccability. As a necessary consequence the Popes and the ecclesiastical authorities generally fare ill at his hands. They are condemned so uniformly and so unsparingly as to produce rather a reaction in their favour in the reader's mind. On the whole, their conduct was in reality so bad that exaggeration of it only tends in practice to lessen their condemnation. On the other hand, it is almost equally difficult to believe that Frederic was an unimpeachable character according to the standard of those days. A wise and well-meaning ruler he very likely was; but the clergy probably had good grounds for suspecting his vigorous orthodoxy as well as his crusading zeal. In a matter that touched their own interests so closely, they had every motive for judging fairly. But Dr. Schirrmacher will not hear of such imputations, or indeed of any other. He repels with equal energy the detractors who have sought to diminish Frederic's fame by accusing him of neglecting German interests for the sake of his Sicilian crown. Dr. Schirrmacher appeals, in answer, to the unmistakable intention of Providence that Germany should exercise a world-wide dominion, and succeed to the full inheritance of Imperial Rome. If such were the intentions of Providence, it can only be said that Providence has met with very indifferent success. The present volume extends from the coronation of Frederic to his sudden and inexplicable retreat from Lombardy after the capture of Vicenza in 1236. One of its most interesting portions is the description of Frederic's Sicilian constitution, which falls within this period. That valuable patriotism which expends itself in antiquarian hero-worship is displayed still more strikingly in a learned and laborious work upon *Germanic Antiquities*†, by M. Künnsberg. It is a work which at least has the merit of striking out a new line of historical speculation. He is dissatisfied with the creditable appearance which, in his opinion, his ancestors make in the records of classical antiquity. He is not at all content that they should figure as the rude, half-clothed, uncivilized sept of semi-nomad barbarians who have been handed down in im-

* *Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite*. Von Dr. F. Schirrmacher. Zweiter Band. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.
† *Wanderung in das Germanische Alterthum*. Von H. Künnsberg. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

perishable colours by Cæsar and Tacitus. Accordingly, he makes a bold assault upon the authors of the national discredit, and disposes of their testimony by the assertion that Tacitus did not write the *Germania*, and that Cæsar purposely falsified the facts. The first theory has in its favour certain well-known considerations arising from the dissimilarity of style to the other works of Tacitus, and from the absence of contemporary authentication. The second hypothesis is made out thus:—Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, not for the benefit of posterity, but in order to make a calculated impression upon the people over whom he intended eventually to reign. The darling object of Roman national feeling was the humiliation of the Gauls. For many generations they had been hereditary foes of the Roman power. In early times they had violated the City itself. Later on they had assisted Hannibal; and nothing could be more gratifying to the Romans than the complete subjugation of all their tribes. It was, therefore, Cæsar's interest to persuade them that he had effected this great object. The simplest method of doing so was to tell them that the Gallic race did not extend further than those regions which he really had subdued. Accordingly, he gave the old name of Gauls to all the Celts on the west of the Rhine, whom he conquered; and to the Celts on the east of the Rhine, whom he did not conquer, he gave the name of Germans. To the Celts, therefore, all the discreditable descriptions which afflict the author's patriotism in reality apply. But even to these he does not believe them to apply justly. The whole view of Germanic or Celtic barbarism, was a patriotic illusion of the Romans. In regard to the Gauls whom he had conquered, Cæsar was content to dispel this illusion, and to represent a condition of considerable civilization. But, in regard to the Celts beyond the Rhine, among whom he failed to penetrate, he repeated and exaggerated all the old Italian stories of the barbarism and brutality of the rude races that lived beyond the mountains. With regard to his ethnological conclusions, the author is ambiguous. In many places he speaks as if he disbelieved in any Teutonic race at all, and would include as Celts all the dominant races on both sides of the Rhine. In compensation, he dispossesses the Celts of part of their traditional domain. He does not believe that the Welsh and Britons were Celts, or that the Cymric and Gaelic dialects have any close relationship with the Celtic. In the exposition of these revolutionary views, he is ingenious and readable; but, perhaps, as he is fighting for his own hand, it would be wiser if he would refrain from speaking contemptuously of such historians as Mommsen. He closes his volume with a final display of patriotic paradox, by trying to argue out at length the eccentric theory which one or two before him have suggested—that the *Sigfried* of the *Nibelungen Lied* is the Arminius of Tacitus's *Annals*. One specimen of the analogies by which the identity is established will be enough. In the poem, Sigfried is rendered invulnerable by bathing himself in the dragon's blood—all except one spot, which a linden-leaf has prevented the blood from touching. The writer suggests that the linden-leaf was possibly a symbol of the Germanic Confederation of that day, which was undoubtedly the vulnerable point in Arminius' career. The similarity in this case is that the linden-leaf had three points, and the Germanic confederation was under the patronage of three gods.

Gregory of Heimburg* is a more intelligible object of national hero-worship, though of smaller historical stature. He was one of the first of the pioneers whose plain speaking prepared the way in men's minds for Luther. In his youth he was the friend and associate of Æneas Sylvius; but when the latter abandoned his reverence for Councils, and conceived a more profitable veneration for Popes, the two became estranged. When Æneas Sylvius' apostasy was rewarded with the tiara, he became the bitter enemy and persecutor of his ancient friend. Gregory through life steadily resisted the overweening claims of the Papacy. He first came into notice by the writings with which he supported the Council of Basle against Eugenius IV. Afterwards, he assisted Archduke Sigismund of Tyrol against Pope Pius II.—his old friend Æneas Sylvius. Ultimately, he was forced by the death of his patron to betake himself to the Court of George of Bohemia, under whose protection he maintained the old warfare against the See of Rome. With the death of this, his best and truest patron, he lost his last protection against the wrath of the clergy; and they soon succeeded in hunting him to death. Little remains to us concerning him except his own works, of which M. Brockhaus gives a full analysis. With this he has interwoven an interesting history of the relations between the Papacy and the German Powers during the middle of the fifteenth century. It brings out with great clearness how completely the Papal power in Germany was undermined long before Luther struck the final blow.

M. Sprenger's *Life and Teaching of Mahomet†* is a book which will probably attract a considerable amount of attention, both from its own intrinsic value, and the qualifications of the author brings to his task. Apparently out of pure admiration for the creed and followers of the Prophet, he betook himself early in life to India, and spent twelve years in the capacity of manager of various Mohammedan schools. During this time, he diligently collected all that could throw light upon the early

history of the religion with which he was brought into so close a contact. The treasures which he gathered together were purchased, on his return to Europe, by the late King of Prussia, for the Library at Berlin; and the book, of which the present is the first volume, is intended to give the cream of the results to which his study of these manuscripts, and his intercourse with the Mohammedans in India, have led him. There has been so much varying speculation about Mahomet that it cannot be said that any considerable portion of his theory is absolutely novel. The novelty rather consists in the particular combination which he adopts, and the wide field of study from which his proofs are drawn. There is something novel, for instance, in the mode in which he elaborates the somewhat unmeaning commonplace, that Mahomet's religion sprang from the spirit of the time in which he lived. According to M. Sprenger, the exact process by which it originated was analogous to the Darwinian process of natural selection. In Mr. Darwin's theory, a species is that one out of a multitude of accidental varieties which, by virtue of its greater fitness for the soil and climate, has been able to oust all its competitors. M. Sprenger's theory is, that a religion is that one out of the multitude of speculations constantly thrown out by the minds of men which, by virtue of its greater adaptability to the wants and temper of the age, is enabled to oust all its competitors. Having laid this down, he proceeds to examine into the determining circumstances which made Mahomet's religion to differ in its destiny from the crowds of ephemeral growths which followed each other so rapidly at that time in the East. He fixes upon two. The first was the monotheistic and objective tendency of the Semitic race, which has always had little taste or talent for abstruse speculation, and is instinctively averse to mysteries. The mysterious portions of the Christian creed were therefore too distasteful to them to enable them to accept Christianity—especially in the almost polytheistic form in which it presented itself in the East in the sixth century. The other cause was, the persecuting character of the Eastern Church. All who objected to its peculiar development were forced to fly for safety beyond the reach of the Imperial power. First, the Ebionites joined themselves to the remnants of the old Essenes upon the eastern shore of the Dead Sea; and then gradually, as time went on, sect after sect of dissenters from the dominant creed found their way into the same region. They brought with them an ascetic morality, a Christianity generally tainted with Judaism, and denuded of some one or other of the mysterious doctrines of the Church. This mass of refugee dissenters, differing considerably from each other, but all monotheistic in tendency, was known to the orthodox under the general name of Sabæans, from a word signifying to wash, because of the ceremonial ablutions they had inherited from the Ebionites and Essenes. They, on the other hand, knew the orthodox by the significant name of "the Imperialists." In fact, common hatred of the Eastern Church formed a point of common sympathy among them, so that nothing was wanting but some profession of faith to which they could all conform. This *formula concordie* Mahomet furnished, adopting into his system, with perfect disregard of consistency, whatever fragments of traditional belief were necessary for the encouragement of converts. M. Sprenger's view of Mahomet himself is, that he was only a semi-conscious impostor. His visions were the genuine result of hysteria, complicated with catalepsy; but he had the wit to alter them whenever they did not suit his purpose. He was afflicted also with satyriasis, which accounts for the non-ascetic character of portions of his religion, though its earliest adherents belonged to sects of decidedly ascetic tendency. The present volume does not reach as far as the Hegira. The biography of Mahomet himself moves slowly, because each step of it is followed by a discussion of the nature and bearing of his teaching at that particular period of his life.

A *Compendium of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages** is a useful contribution to one of the newest, and at the same time one of the most advancing of modern studies. Considering the vast abundance of materials which we now have at command for teaching the science of grammar, it will be an unpardonable bigotry if we persist in cramping it to the two solitary languages with which our fathers, from mere destitution, were forced to content themselves. It is premature to speak of the merits of M. Schleicher's work, as the present volume does not reach beyond the pronunciation of letters; but so far it appears to be written in at least as great detail as is consistent with the name of compendium. It is a pity that M. Schleicher should think it necessary to be a reformer as well as a teacher, and to improvise a new method of spelling in a work which certainly does not require any artificial distraction of the attention. It is an orthography framed to some extent on the principles of our own *Phonetic Nuz*—all the mute vowels and consonants being left out, all the compound prepositions separated, and occasional letters inserted, for no very obvious reason. The reform, too, is partial and capricious. "Dies" is stripped of its mute and appears as "Dis"; but "Die," which is guilty of exactly the same surplussage, passes by unharmed.

Washington's Life,† by a M. Venedey, is a panegyric of a very commonplace and commendable character upon the great

* *Gregor von Heimburg*. Von C. Brockhaus. Leipzig: F. Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammod*: nach bisher grösstentheils unbenutzten Quellen; bearbeitet von A. Sprenger. Erster Band. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

* *Compendium des Vergleichenden Grammatik des Indogermanischen Sprachen*. Von August Schleicher. Erster Band. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Washington's Leben*. Von J. Venedey. Freiburg: Wagner. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

American hero—the result, apparently, of a diligent study of 4th of July orations. From a certain number of irrelevant sarcasms which are occasionally thrust into the narrative, it is apparently intended to nourish a proper contempt for crowned heads in the breasts of the Swabian youth. At the same time, a patriotic sentiment is encouraged by an affectionate commemoration of the services which Germans upon both sides rendered to their conflicting causes. Nothing but the valour of the Hessians enabled the English to maintain the conflict. On the other hand, it was entirely a blunder of the Hessians which enabled the Americans to effect the retreat from Long Island, by which their army was saved. Altogether, it is eminent for that plump and hearty partisanship which is most suitable for popular reading.

A religious novel* from the pen of Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn, does not pretend to be anything else than partisan. It is a good specimen of an objectionable class. Doralice is the good heroine of the story, and converts everybody to Romanism by a marvelous combination of eloquence and piety. The only drawback to her perfections is a proclivity to lecturing inconsistent with the English notion of female fascination. It is rather hard that our novels should be converted into polemical treatises, especially as there is no reciprocity, and the controversial treatises are never made to read like novels. But if novels are to be pressed into this service, the one before us is all that can be desired. The arguments used are very thoroughgoing—defending Papal government, temporalities and all; and no doubt the class of readers for whom the book is intended will be struck by the remarkable fact that they always succeed in convincing the characters to whom they are addressed.

The New Pitaval† is a tolerably well-selected collection of criminal biographies. To those who take no interest in this particular branch of horrors they will still be valuable, from the accurate portraiture of lower-class life in Germany which they necessarily give. This volume is only one in a long series. It seems a mistake to extend it to foreign countries; or, at least, if extended to foreign countries, it ought to be composed upon a larger scale. Beatrice Cenci, for instance, is one of the dozen cases reported in this volume. Surely, it requires some straining of words to put her name at the head of a "*Criminal-geschichte*."

* *Doralice*. Von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Mainz: F. Kirchheim. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Der Neue Pitaval*. Eine Sammlung der interessantesten Criminal-geschichten aller Länder aus alterer und neuerer Zeit. Herausgegeben vom Dr. J. Hitzig und Dr. W. Häring. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

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